



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

LAST Monday the Court of Revision allowed the appeal of the Victorian Order of Nurses for exemption from taxation on their premises, 206 Spadina avenue. City Relief Officer Taylor, who is probably the best informed man in the city with regard to such matters, considers that this action was well called for, as the Order received last year \$1,591.40 in fees from patients, \$3,526 in subscriptions, making a total of \$5,117.40. The staff consists of seven nurses and the superintendent, whose salaries aggregate \$2,230, besides a house which is free of encumbrances. "We have in this city," continued Mr. Taylor, "two nursing-at-home missions, the work of which is confined to the poor. These missions do what may be considered the nursing of the city's destitute, and it is very efficiently done." This must seem to reasonable people sufficient grounds for Mr. Taylor's opposition to what is practically the granting of more money to a branch of an order which never would have been started had it not been for the vanity and fussiness of Lady Aberdeen. "The Victorian nurses compete for pay-patients directly with the trained nurses of this city, who depend for their livelihood not on a semi-charitable, largely subsidized association, but upon their own exertions, and if they acquire by industry a little property it has to pay taxes."

The cancellation of taxes on an assessment of \$3,385 on the St. Clement's Club in William street, on the ground that it was a philanthropic institution, a part of church property, was no more indefensible than the exempting of the \$4000 property of the Sunday School Institute at 141 College street, though both are examples of the working of an unjust system. In the first instance Rev. Father Barrett appeared on behalf of the Redemptorist Fathers; in the second case Rev. Dr. Courtice, a well-known Methodist minister, pressed the appeal, and Mr. Defoe, the Catholic representative on the Court of Revision, was the one to suggest that the appeal be allowed. Here we see our Catholic and Methodist brethren working in beautiful harmony when it comes to a question of loading church burdens on secular shoulders. I consider that sort of thing as disgraceful as the recent salary grab at Ottawa.

The Court of Revision also exempted the Y. M. C. A. branch at the Union Station, though it was pointed out to them that it was much of a business affair, in some respects competing with boarding-houses and restaurants. Taxes have been hunched on to the business public by this Board—and by the new assessment law—almost without mercy, yet apparently they love to appear brimming over with "charity." Verily, of Faith, Hope and Charity the greatest graft is charity.

THE Quebec Conservatives have reorganized with Mr. Monk as their leader. It is understood that the association is not merely provincial, but is to be a horse in a double team, the other animal being the Conservative Association of Canada. The idea is so rip-roaringly absurd that it is a wonder that anyone, even at a banquet, could suggest it or hear it suggested with a straight face. The diminutive size of the Conservative party in Quebec, both in the Provincial Legislature and the House of Commons, at once suggests the idea that such a team would look like a Shetland colt harnessed to a Clydesdale draft horse. That sort of thing would do for a callithumpian procession, but in politics Mr. Borden will find himself laughed out of public life if he fails to sit immediately, publicly and "squashingly" upon such a crazy proposition.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER made one of his eloquent speeches at the turning of the first sod on the Lake Superior branch of the G. T. P. at Fort William on Monday. Sir Wilfrid was at his best, which is saying much, and said many beautiful things about Canada and Canadians, of the liberty of our institutions and the welcome which we extend to incomers of all kinds. He pictured a glorious future for the country and dilated upon the necessity of opening up the great West, going so far as to intimate that even a third transcontinental road will have to be begun before the G. T. P. is completed, adding that even it would probably have to be supplemented by a new canal. This certainly is a great and glorious future—the expenditure of a hundred and fifty or two hundred millions for the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. This future does not appear to be far off, for Sir Wilfrid, speaking of the canal, said, "The future is great and magnificent. It compels us to act at once. No Canadian here will call a sacrifice what is a necessity to prepare for that future which lies before us." Sir Wilfrid turned the sod with a golden shovel, and the gold of the Dominion is evidently about to be shoveled out on the same scale of magnificence. If the country were to own the railways and canal projected it would not be so bad, but they will be the property of corporations and the profits of the construction of the waterway will go to the politicians.

Aside from these material things, I wonder if Sir Wilfrid while turning the wonderful West, which he struggled to bind and succeed in fettering, felt a pang of regret that he had so effectively estranged himself from so large an element of his countrymen by his perfidious conduct regarding the Autonomy Bill. If he did not, a hundred thousand of his friends did, and were saddened by the thought that the greatest part of his future is in the past.

THE Temiskaming Government railroad is being run for revenue. No passes are given to those traveling over it, not even to the members of departments whose employees are forced to use it. The Public Works and the Lands and Mines Departments feel somewhat sore, but the Commissioners are firm; and though it is largely a matter of book-keeping, as the ex-cesses of Government officials buying tickets come out of the public chest yet it sounds well, is a good principle, and will result in showing how much the road has actually earned. When the C. P. R. was in its youth—and probably even yet—the travelling employees had to buy sleeping-car tickets, though the sleepers were owned and conducted by the company itself. It does not create a great deal of book-keeping, and if Toronto were to tax everything but its cemeteries, even the Public schools and the land they are built upon, the churches and hospitals and everything else, people would get to understand where we are at, and it could be put to popular vote whether the amount of exemptions should in each instance be returned to the recipients in the shape of cash. This would really test the question of how much people understand the meaning of exemptions—they do not need to be tested as to whether they understand the meaning of money.

THE man who recently committed suicide in North Dakota confessed to murdering a young woman in Ontario years ago, allowing an innocent man to be hanged for the crime. Some years ago another degenerate dying in Texas confessed to having borne false witness at the trial, and the reputation of the Sterling family had already been partially relieved of the odium of having had a relative who had been hanged. Now they naturally feel the satisfaction of complete exoneration. The fate of the man who was put to death by the law was infinitely preferable to that of the man who for years went about with a terrible burden of a double crime, eating like an acid into every part of him where there was a remnant of good. What can be imagined more terrific than being continually haunted not only by the crime of murder, but the greater crime of bearing false witness which caused the execution of a comrade and the humiliation of a respectable family? One would require a powerful imagination to conjure up the pictures that the wretched creature saw both by day and night. Every time he saw a person

who resembled the one he killed the ghost of the past clutched him by the throat. When he heard a voice like that of the poor fellow who was hanged in his stead his blood must have run cold through his veins. Scarcely a newspaper for these many years has been without a murder or hanging story, and these must have been interesting reading to Charles Hersig. The conversation of those about him whenever it turned on murders, perjurers and those who committed fiendish crimes, must have made him a happy man. Turning in his bed when his hand touched something cold, one can imagine his terror, and the sight of a policeman coming towards him could not but have tempted him to turn and run. As he admitted in his confession, life became so unendurable that he committed suicide, which proves, not that he had a conscience, as people ordinarily define it, but that he had a memory and was capable of fear. As no man is without a memory and as no one is devoid of fear, no matter how bad or hardened he may be, the lesson seems obvious that the fewer wrong things we do the fewer we will have to remember and the less terror will be inspired of our being found out. The whole story is full of an awful warning which will probably not be noticed by those who read these things merely for the thrills they get out of them.

THE papers that look after our educational affairs must have had a moment of special illumination when they inaugurated this system of penny savings which the teachers are to take charge of this term. The money is to

be when the trustees were hustling about to get seats for the pupils for whom there was no accommodation.

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, speaking at a prayer-meeting in the Cleveland church which he attends, is reported to have said: "I believe what the church needs most is consecrated common-sense—common-sense in business and common-sense in the spiritual realm. If we, as individuals, don't contribute to the temporal side of the church the spiritual side is bound to fall. We can't hope for a sustained revival of religion. I believe that it is our duty to pray and work. And I believe it is our duty to give in support of the church. This is the secret of our success in business. Why shouldn't it be the secret of our success here?"

He has demonstrated that he believes it his duty to pray and work; nobody has worked harder or prayed so strenuously; if anybody knows the secret of success it can be said to be John D., and he has a perfect right to inquire why business methods, doubtless as represented by his own, should not be used for the spread of the Gospel. If one gazes at it for a moment the scheme looks much like the Standard Oil Company. As he evidently views it, there should be Gospel tanks in every town, pipe lines to distribute the tidings of great joy, tank trains and steamers to carry the joyful news, churches should be business offices, and a gigantic Trust created which would eventually crowd the sinner off the face of the earth. Thus competition with the Gospel would

tario is vital to the progress of Toronto and to the development of the country. The day of the pioneer seems distant indeed in view of what has been accomplished by the present generation. Yet numbers of the men and women who cleared the land of its forests still live, and the influence of their pathetically hard and narrow but fruitful lives yet rests upon those who have succeeded them. Year by year, however, there is an increasing tendency all over the province to cut away from out-of-date methods and to adopt an outlook that is not bounded by township lines. The life of country people has, on the whole, become much broader as well as more prosperous. In small towns in Ontario, too, a distinct decrease is noticeable in that blighting curse, the narrow village spirit, which so commonly has filled communities with an atmosphere of ignorance, jealousy, and stagnation. Every evidence of a decrease in this spirit is to be hailed with supreme satisfaction.

THE following extract from a letter sent by the Toronto Board of License Commissioners to Mr. Patrick Mulcahey, president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, is calculated to make some of the booze sellers sit up:

"In addition to the statement made by the Commissioners to your deputation, and in addition, therefore, to the copy of the minute now handed to you, I am instructed to say that in considering the question of the renewal of licenses at the end of the year, the Commissioners may have regard to the location of licensed houses in residential districts, and the proximity of some of the present houses to one another, where apparently they are kept only as drinking places without particular regard to adequate or excellent accommodation for the travelling public."

ANCIENT Rome is the horrible example usually held up when the pulpit and the press consider that we are becoming too fond of luxury and too much given to frivolity. The cry of the decadent Romans for "a feed and a circus," as a modern Yankee translates it, has reverberated through the centuries and is sometimes heard in a country so close to the soil as Canada. The men of His Majesty's Navy who recently gave an exhibition for the benefit of the grand stand audience at the Fair are reported to have complained that the spectators took the whole performance as a show and used expressions of approval such as should be bestowed upon a tenth-rate vaudeville artist. The criticism was undoubtedly deserved, for our grand stand crowds have become so accustomed to tricks and tumblings that they fail to comprehend when something more dignified is being provided for their distinguished consideration. If we are proud of the British navy, if we realize what its protection means, then we should hardly regard a display of physical prowess by the men as a performance of an inferior acrobatic nature. The great "feed" at London the less, which signalized a victory that may prove more disastrous than defeat to the party concerned; was another indication of the spirit which makes a picnic of a national issue and which estimates loyalty by the amount of ham sandwiches devoured. It may be remarked that this spirit of triviality is in no way associated with a true sense of humor, the most frivolous people usually being insensible to the finer shades and subtleties of that appreciation of life's ironies which is one of the surest correctives of the "falsehood of extremes."

It is doubtless a matter of conscience with the Tartar horse-men who are burning the Armenian monasteries and endeavoring to exterminate the Armenians because they do not believe in Mohammed. The same may be said of the Russians who have been oppressing and massacring the Jews because they do not believe in Christ. The Salvation Army is being banned in Montreal for not believing in the Pope. It may be said that no State aid should be given to grow this sort of "Conscience" in Canada.

THE Anglican General Synod, now in session at Quebec, by a large majority, decided that the clergy of the church should not officiate at the re-marriage of divorced persons, no matter where or on what grounds divorce was obtained. A motion to permit the Anglican clergymen to act at the re-marriage of the wronged party was also defeated. Is not the Anglican Church taking an exceedingly narrow view of this matter? Is even the wronged party to a divorce to remain the remainder of his or her life in a marital sense alone, unshielded and unloved? To me the thing seems so preposterously unjust that I cannot conceive of so able and representative a body, as a rule holding such liberal views, pursuing such a course. If in general practice such a decree would have any practical effect, either in making marriage seem more sacred to the multitude or in crucifying the lives of those who have been unfortunate or sinful, it would have at least some value. As it works out, members of the Anglican Church who are divorced and seek to re-marry, simply go to some Nonconformist minister or a magistrate who makes them man and wife. Has the English law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister prevented such marriages or relations inculcably worse? Probably, outside of the Bishops and Lords who almost annually have defeated the bill to legitimize such a marriage, ninety-nine per cent. of the English people are in favor of it and do not see anything wrong in it. Virtue is not created or perpetuated by statutes which mean nothing to the people except the infliction of a hardship. As has been frequently pointed out on this page and in many other Canadian papers, divorce is only possible in Canada to those who have the large price necessary to get an Act passed at Ottawa specially dissolving the marriage. Some of the provinces have divorce courts, but there should be a general law applicable to the whole Dominion so that for proper cause a dissolution of the marriage tie may be obtained inexpensively in local courts.

On reading the announcement of the Synod's decision I turned up in the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, the most modern and probably the most accurate of Bible dictionaries and that sort of thing, to find the view of divorce taken by the scholars who compiled the work. Reference was also made to the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, an immense compendium of information which has now reached its tenth volume. The articles are reproduced, and if the reader desires the New Testament view of the matter in full it is perhaps necessary to mention that it will be found in Matthew xix. 3-12, which is made exceedingly vague in the 11th and 12th verses. The centuries have not only made ancient laws inapplicable in civil affairs, but have made it impossible for modern communities, as necessarily constituted, to follow closely the perhaps badly understood sayings of the Master when in argument with the Pharisees or instructing His disciples. If the modern churches would insist as strenuously on the observance of Christ's commandment, quite as clearly stated, that they should take no thought of the morrow but give up all and follow Him, what a terrific breakdown there would be either of religious observance or of business—even the honestly conducted business. I advise you to read these extracts from the encyclopedias named; they are exceedingly interesting and afford a very clear idea of the wonderful advance in the status of women and the almost incredible change in social relations.

Divorce—The woman being a man's property, his right to divorce her follows as a matter of course. As in doing so he must return the *mekhar*, no injustice is done either to her or to her family. The divorcee returns to her family and can, if circumstances favor, be married a second time from there. No moral stigma of any kind arises from the mere fact of her being divorced. Yet, we can well suppose that from the first the family of the woman would be disposed to look with



A GIRL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

be deposited in the penny savings bank in Richmond street, but the teachers are to be bothered with a register and many petty details connected with the savings of those prudent and good little creatures who prefer a bank account to candy and marbles. Then the trustees wonder why so few men care to go into the "profession" of teaching. No man with a dignity beyond that of a fussy hen would care to be actively interested in such grandmotherly undertakings. Truly, this is the golden age of the faddist and it seems as if another follower of freak pedagogy were born every moment. One year it is manual training and every small boy planes and saws and files away until he knows how to mend the latch on the washroom door. Later domestic science comes along, and the maiden of tender years is impressed with the importance of knowing about proteins and other wild fairs until she hates the very thought of housekeeping. Then our educational wisacres suddenly perceive the glories of nature study and pupils are exhorted to learn about birds and beasts and to study the meaneast flower that flowers, until they have thoughts that lie too deep for tears. No healthy child is going to be worried into a love of nature. But this bank account business ought to be the last straw which will break the Toronto teacher's back. Are our schools to be regarded as infirmaries and orphan asylums? It is possible that some of these pupils have parents, although that consideration is not regarded by the trustees who are so anxious to distinguish themselves while in office. A boy receives more information about birds and trees in a holiday tramp with his father than he will get from a dozen "nature talks." There are too many subjects already on the Public school curriculum and the superficial nature of the instruction imparted is too palpable in many instances. But this latest introduction of frenzied finance into the thoughts of our young people is not a whole-some thing for the pupil and is entirely unfair to teachers who are already overburdened. The unpractical character of our educational deliberations was fully shown two weeks

ago when the trustees were hustling about to get seats for the pupils for whom there was no accommodation.

THE intriguing, gerrymandering, obvious injustice and despotism of the Laurier Government may, for the time, unmake Hon. Mr. Haultain in Saskatchewan, but it will make him Premier of Canada. How few knew of him before this happened? Who does not know and respect him now?

ONE of the best reasons for gratification because of the unparalleled success of the National Exhibition which closed last Saturday may be found in the fact that the immense attendance from all over Ontario would seem to indicate that the people of the province are more content than ever with their condition, and more inclined than ever to cultivate receptive minds. It is a well known fact that a falling off in the "show business" is one of the first indications that fear exists of the approach of hard times. With a precarious prospect in view people curtail their expenditures for entertainment. This is especially true of country people and residents of small towns. However, entertainment is an important factor in life, and when we see increasing thousands of people giving evidence of a desire for more enjoyment and a wider outlook we may take it as an encouraging sign. Doubtless the Fair affords amusement and instruction to many thousands, but whether this is true to any considerable extent or not, it is a good thing to see immense throngs of people from all directions showing by their attendance that they are looking for these things and attach importance to them. Different opinions may be held as to the usefulness of the Exhibition, but if it can be taken as a barometer indicating with rough accuracy the spirit of the people it is serving a good purpose. It is worth a great deal to Toronto to have a finger on the pulse of the province of which this city is the intellectual and commercial center.

The uprooting of narrow ideas and petty prejudices in On-



DIVORCE SCENE IN GERMANY
(From Kitcher, "Kirchliche Verfassung," 1748.)

disfavor upon such treatment, and the account which the husband was bound to take of the views and feelings of the wife's blood-relations laid from the very beginning a considerable restraint upon absolute freedom of divorce. The deuteronomic law has unmistakably the intention of limiting in some degree the liberty too frequently exercised, without at the same time curtailing in any respect the rights of the husband.

Some restriction, however, was at the same time laid upon divorce by the mere fact that a writing ("bill of divorce") was now required by law (Dt. 24, 1 ff.). Further, it is enacted in D that the divorced wife, if, after divorce, she has married again and been separated from the second husband in turn by divorce or by his death, cannot again be taken back in marriage by her first husband. The old practice as to this was quite different (Hos. 3, 3; cp. 2, S. 3, 14), and was similar to the old Arab custom; the Koran in fact lays it down as a condition that the wife can be taken back only if in the interval she has been the wife of another man. The manifest purpose of D and of the Koran alike is to put somekind of check upon rash and inconsiderate divorce. Lastly, D withdrew, as a penalty, the husband's right of divorce in two cases—those, namely, in which he had falsely accused his wife of not having been a virgin when he married her (Dt. 22, 19), or in which he had been compelled to marry a virgin whom he had wronged (Dt. 22, 28). This last innovation in the law is also directly contrary to the ancient practice, which did not even demand marriage as a compensation for the injury done. Here also we see the advance we have already noted, point by point, towards the securing of a higher position for the wife. Mal 2 condemns divorce in the strongest terms. The wife is the mother of "seed of God"; if there are children, the end of marriage has been fulfilled. It is to Yahweh a hateful thing that a man should put away the wife of his youth and the mother of his children simply because she has grown old and has ceased to be personally attractive.

The right of divorce belongs of course only to the husband. The wife has no means of freeing herself from her husband, apart from the means employed also by the Arabs—namely to make herself so objectionable to her husband as to force him to send her away. We do not know whether a thing of common occurrence among the Arabs ever happened also among the Hebrews—that a man sent his wife away at her own request or at the request of her relations on repayment of the *mo'har*. Salome the daughter of Herod might take the freedom of sending a bill of divorce to her husband Crispianus; but this was condemned as a foreign indecency (Jos. Ant. xv, 7, 10)—*Encyclopaedia Biblica*, vol. iii. col. 2947.

Divorce—Dissolution of marriage. The origin of the Jewish law of divorce is found in the constitution of the patriarchal family. The fundamental principle of its government was the absolute authority of the oldest male ascendant; hence the husband, as the head of the family, divorced the wife at his pleasure. The manner in which Hagar was dismissed by Abraham illustrates the exercise of this authority (Gen. xxi, 9-14). This ancient right of the husband to divorce his wife at his pleasure is the central thought in the entire system of Jewish divorce law. It was not set



SCENES AT DIVORCE.

1. Writing the get.
2. Reading it aloud.
3. Throwing the get to the husband.
4. Husband throwing the get to the wife.

(From Bodenschatz, "Kirchliche Verfassung" 1748.)

aside by the Rabbis, though its severity was tempered by numerous restrictive measures. It was not until the eleventh century that the absolute right of the husband to divorce his wife at will was formally abolished.

The earliest restrictions of this right are found in the Deuteronomic code. In two cases the law provided that the husband "shall not be at liberty to put her away all his days": (1) if he falsely accused her of antenuptial incontinence (Deut. xxii, 13-19); (2) if he had ravished her before marriage (Deut. xxii, 28, 29). In the Mishnaic period the theory of the law that the husband could divorce his wife at will was challenged by the school of Shammai. It interpreted the text of Deut. xxiv, 1 in such a manner as to reach the conclusion that the husband could not divorce his wife except for cause, and that the cause must be sexual immorality (Git. ix, 10; Yer. Sotah i, 1, 16b). The school of Hillel, however, held that the husband need not assign any reason whatever; that any act on her part which displeased him entitled him to give her a bill of divorce (Git. 4b). The opinion of the school of Hillel prevailed. Philo of Alexandria ("Of Special Laws Relating to Adultery," etc., ch. v.; English ed., ii, 310, 311) and Josephus ("Ant." iv, 8) held this opinion. Jesus seems to have held the view of the school of Shammai (Matt. xix, 3-9).

Although not overthrown, the ancient theory of the husband's unrestricted right was still further modified by the Mishnah. To the two restrictions mentioned in Deuteronomy the Mishnah adds three others. It provides that the husband cannot divorce his wife, (1) when she is insane (Yeb. xiv, 1); (2) when she is in captivity (Ket. iv, 9); or (3) when she is a minor, so young as to be unable to understand or to take care of her get, or bill of divorce (ib.). The Mishnah

xviii, 7). These were recognized as breaches of the law, and never became precedents. The following causes are recognized as entitling the wife to demand a bill of divorce from her husband: Refusal of conjugal rights (Ket. v, 6); impotence (Ned. xi, 12); when the husband has some loathsome disease, or leprosy, or is engaged in some malodorous business (Ket. vii, 9); the husband's refusal to support her (Ket. 77a); cruel treatment and deprivation of her lawful liberty of person (Ket. vii, 2-5, v, 5); wife-beating (Eben ha-'Ezer, 154, 3, gloss); the husband's apostasy (Maimonides, "Yad," Ishut, iv, 15)—in the last named case the Jewish courts, having lost their authority over him, could appeal to the courts of the Gentiles to carry out their mandate ("Bet Joseph," 134); the husband's licentiousness (Eben ha-'Ezer, 154, 1, gloss).

After the parties had been divorced, the law favored their remarriage (Eduy. iv, 7). But if the wife had married another man after her divorce, she could never be remarried to her first husband (Deut. xxiv, 1-5). To this Biblical law forbidding remarriage, of the parties, the Mishnah adds five other cases. They cannot remarry after a divorce (1) if the woman has been divorced upon suspicion of adultery; (2) if she was divorced because she had subjected herself to the obligation of certain vows (Git. iv, 7); (3) if she was divorced because of her barrenness (Git. iv, 11); (4) if a third person had guaranteed the payment of her ketubah; the reason in this case being that a scheme to defraud might result through collusion of the husband and wife against the guarantor of the ketubah; she might receive the divorce, collect the amount of the ketubah from the guarantor, and then remarry her husband to enjoy the benefit of the fraud with him (B. B. x, 9); (5) if the husband has consecrated all his property to religious uses subject to his wife's ketubah (Ar. vi, 2).

In some cases the courts will compel the separation of the husband and wife on grounds of public policy, against the will of both parties. Among these cases are the following: the marriage of persons within the prohibited degrees enumerated in Lev. xviii.; the marriage of a Jew and a non-Jew (Ab. Zarah 36b); the marriage with a "mamzer" or a "natin" (Yeb. viii, 3); the marriage of an adulteress and her paramour (Sotah v, 1; Yeb. ii, 8). The same rule applies if one of the parties becomes afflicted with leprosy (Ket. 77b); or if they have been married for ten years and no children are born to them (ib.), although the practice of enforcing separation in the latter case fell into abeyance (Eben ha-'Ezer i, 3, gloss 154).

The divorced woman was "sui juris," and could give herself in marriage to whom she pleased, with certain exceptions. She could not marry the man suspected of having committed adultery with her (Yeb. ii, 8), nor the messenger who brought her the get from her husband (ib. 9). She was not permitted to be remarried within three months after her divorce, in order that the paternity of the child with which she might be pregnant might not be in doubt (Yeb. iv, 10).

The children of the divorced woman remained in her custody; but the custody of the boys could be claimed by the father after their sixth year (Ket. 65b, 102b). According to later decisions, however, the court awarded the custody of the children according to its discretion (Eben ha-'Ezer, 82, 7, gloss).

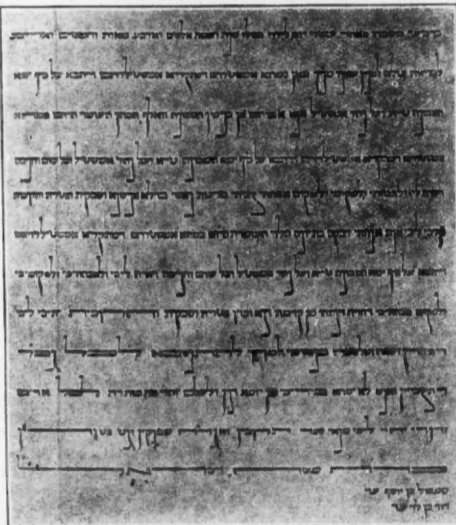
For further information concerning the bill of divorce, its preparation, attestation, and delivery, see *Get*—*Jewish Encyclopedia*, vol. iv., pages 624, 625, 626 and 628.

Jaggles—A girl needs plenty of backbone to wear one of those n-work shirt waists. **Waggles**—Yes, and most of them show that they have it.

Visitor—Your daughter, dear madame, is really charming. If I were thirty years younger I should be madly in love with her. **Coy Widow**—Oh, baron, thirty years ago I looked just as she does now!

Mother—Don't you dare use such language! I'm ashamed of you! **Bright Boy**—Why, ma, Kipling uses it, and he's—
Mother—He does? Then don't you ever play with him no more!

Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to die?
Husband—Don't speak of such a thing; I'd do something desperate. **Wife**—Do you think you would marry again?
Husband—Well, no; no; I don't think I'd do anything quite so desperate as that.



Hebrew Bill of Divorce, or Get.

(From Bodenschatz, "Kirchliche Verfassung," 1748.)

furthermore modified the right of the husband indirectly by making the divorce procedure difficult, and bristling with formalities in ordering, writing, attesting, and delivering the get. The matter required the assistance of one learned in the law (Kid. 6a), whose duty it became to attempt to reconcile the parties, unless sufficient reason appeared for the divorce.

Another check on the exercise of the theoretical right of the husband to divorce his wife was the law compelling him to pay her the dowry or the amount of her Ketubah. Rabban Gamaliel deprived the husband of the power to "annul" his get (see Cancellation of Documents) (Git. iv, 2). If the husband was insane, he could not divorce his wife; and if he was temporarily deranged or delirious, or intoxicated, he was for the time being incapable of performing this as well as other legal acts (Yeb. xiv, 1; Git. vii, 1, 67b). A deaf-mute could not divorce his wife unless he had married her after he had become a deaf-mute (Yeb. xiv, 1). These many qualifications of the theoretical right of the husband to give a get to his wife at his pleasure, resulted in gradually eliminating from the popular mind the notion that such a right existed. The views of the moralists were opposed to divorce (Git. 90b), and finally (as stated above), in the eleventh century, by a decree of Rabbi Gershon of Mayence, this theoretical right of the husband was formally declared to be at an end. The substance of this famous decree is thus stated (Responsa "Asheri" xlii, 1): "To assimilate the right of the woman to the right of the man, it is decreed that ever as the man does not put away his wife except of his own free will, so shall the woman not be put away except by her own consent." Where either of the parties, however, shows good cause for divorce the marriage will be dissolved against the will of the guilty party (Shulhan 'Arukh, Eben ha-'Ezer, 119, 6, gloss).

The wife's right to sue for divorce was unknown to the Biblical law. There is a germ of this right in Ex. xxi, 11, but it was not until the Mishnah that this right was established. The wife never obtained the right to give her husband a get, but when the court decided that she was entitled to be divorced from him, he was forced to give her a get. During the reign of the Herodians, under the influence of Roman practice, cases are recorded in which women sent bills of divorce to their husbands (Josephus, "Ant." xv, 11,

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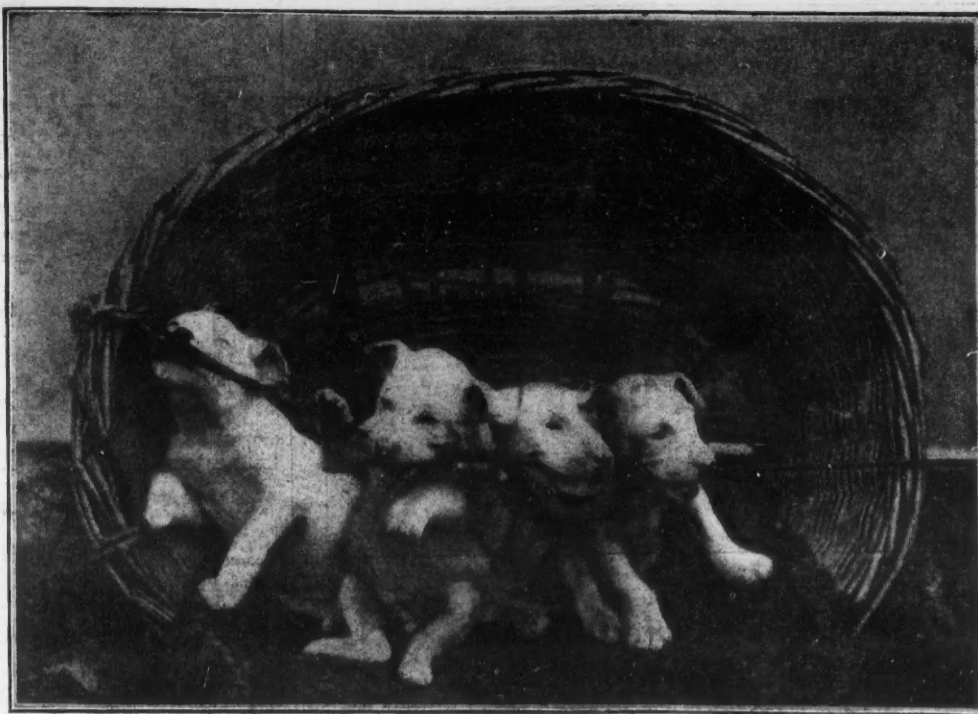
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A HAPPY FAMILY.



Trouting at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club has its devotees this month, and they greatly enjoy their sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Key of London, England, sailed for home on the *Virginia* this week, after a short visit to their son, Mr. Harold Key of St. Thomas. On Tuesday the party visited various points of interest in Toronto and took tea at the Yacht Club with friends.

Dr. See, a lady exponent of New Thought, is holding morning and afternoon meetings at 73 Summerhill avenue, where ladies have found her talks both interesting and helpful. Mrs. Clarence Whitney has arranged several coteries of bright minds who are enjoying Dr. See's talks.

The R. C. Y. C. Island season will terminate on the 23rd, when an At Home for the members and their friends will be held at the club house. The presentation of prizes will take place. The *Bobs*, the busy little launch supplementing the *Hionatho*, will not run after this week and the *Hionatho* discontinues her late trip after to-night, but will ply earlier until the 30th.

The extra dance for young people on Monday night at the Yacht Club was largely attended by a bright and happy party, numbering many charming visitors in the city. The dancers are very loth to see the close of this season, as the music, floor and other accommodation at the new club house have been delightful and they have thoroughly enjoyed them.

Mrs. Willie Gwynn has her sister, Mrs. Hebden, on a visit since her return from Metis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Donald entertained at their Island home on Saturday. It is deplorable to see the encroachments of the lake upon the beach some short distance west of the breakwater. A party of visitors were obliged to dodge the waves and at times to wade across at one point where the board walk was washed away last Tuesday.

Members of the Strolling Players' Club are getting their season tickets, and reports that the club would be discontinued are therefore out of order. Such a pleasant and sociable concern would be greatly missed by scores of people.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Marion Jane Nicol, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nicol, and Mr. Charles Wilson Paterson, which will take place on October 3 in St. Anne's church, with a reception afterwards at 472 Givens street.

The Argonaut fall At Home and races is this afternoon's town fixture for society.

A very fine and valuable exhibit of work done by Eastern Canadians, French and British, will open in the Woman's Art Studio in Confederation Life Building on Monday. Those who are familiar with former exhibits there will be surprised at the size and variety of the coming one. Mrs. Dignam's weeks of travel and research in the Eastern Provinces has resulted in a rich harvest, some of her finds having attracted much admiring comment at the National Exhibition. A very beautiful cape collar of Irish applique done, I think, by a lace maker in Nova Scotia, was particularly noticed. The cloths and weaving of other sorts are exceedingly attractive.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge of Madison avenue have been enjoying a visit to the beauty spots of Scotland.

Dr. See's talks at Mrs. Clarence Whitney's home in Summerhill avenue are at three instead of four o'clock each afternoon, to give more time for after questions and discussion on New Thought.

The polo on Wednesday was favored with a glorious bright afternoon and by the presence of the Government House party, Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, being interested spectators of the game. The victory of Buffalo by one goal after eighteen goals even being won, was greeted with sportsmanlike applause and everyone voted the afternoon a most enjoyable one. The polo was neither rough nor to the gallery, and the only *contresens* was the cut on the hand which fell to Baxter, a Montrealese playing for Toronto, who was replaced by Dr. Meyers. The crowd wasn't so large as on Saturday but very enthusiastic, and many smart people were on the grand stand. Colonel Stimson, who had just returned from the Kingsmill-Puddicombe wedding in London, drove his fine dappled grey pair. Mr. Albert Gooderham brought out a party in his autocar. Just at the close of the game two young horsewomen on fine mounts and bare-headed, as is the new fad, rode in and saw the tail of the sport. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Aimee Falconbridge were the fair equestriennes. Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Dr. Wishart, Mr. Boulton, Mr. Lally McCarthy, Mr. Clinch, Mr. and Miss Boulton, Miss Hoodless, the Misses Suckling, Mr. Irving Ardagh, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Miss Y. Nordheimer, were in autos or strolling about the lawn. It was so chilly on the grand stand when the sun sank that many realized that summer is really over. Those brilliant "soloists," Straubenzie and Elmsley, did their best rushes off alone with the ball, and the red-tops from Buffalo played capably together. Mr.

Alfred Beardmore developed quite a form and won many shouts of applause and encouragement. After the game he was host to a large party at the Hunt Club for dinner. The beautiful moonlight made that ideal place a perfect dream, and the guests enjoyed themselves hugely. There will be no polo this afternoon on account of the opening day of the O. J. C. races.

The Irish Guards' band, which won its way to the hearts of the people recently, will play at the races to-day and at Massey Hall this evening. A correspondent enquires if Lord Roberts is colonel of the Irish Guards, and a glance at the *Pecage* shows that he is.

Mrs. Wallbridge of Edmonton is visiting friends here, and will receive with her mother, Mrs. Archie Campbell, of the Junction, on September 23rd at the home of the latter lady.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Jean Agnes MacArthur, daughter of Mrs. John MacArthur, and Major Duncan Donald, which takes place on Wednesday, October 4, in St. Andrew's church, and will be followed by a reception at Mrs. MacArthur's residence, 648 Church street.

The Premier, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Pyne and several others left last week for a six days' trip to Temagami and other of the beauty spots recently made comestible in that district. They returned on Tuesday, quite in raptures over the exquisite scenery and the generally good time they enjoyed. The silver mine at Cobalt was one of the interesting spots visited.

Mr. Will Burritt has been spending a few days in town with his brother, Mr. A. P. Burritt, Maple avenue.

The marriage of Mr. Walter B. Kingsmill of St. Thomas and Miss Freida Puddicombe of London took place with much éclat in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Wednesday. Mr. Kingsmill is a son of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue, Toronto, and great interest was taken in Wednesday's happy event, many Torontonians going up for the wedding. Canon Dann performed the ceremony, the fine old church was made bright and beautiful with floral decorations, and Mr. George Sippi played. Miss Puddicombe's robe des noces was of white Liberty satin with trimmings in berthe and panel of rare lace, a court train, much ruffled with chiffon, and a crown of orange blossoms fastening the veil. The bridal bouquet was of lilies. Six bridesmaids, gowned in white taffeta with girdles of silver, and sheaves of white and pink lilies, attended the bride, the sisters of bride and groom, Miss Mary Puddicombe and Miss Annis Kingsmill, with Miss Elsie Hobbs, Miss Dora Labatt, Miss Eleanor Smallman and Miss Tabitha Moore completing the attractive group. Mr. H. H. Adams was best man, and Mr. Campbell Becher, Mr. George Macbeth, Mr. Frank Hobbs, Mr. Kortright and Mr. Ernest Cattnach were ushers. The wedding *déjeuner* at the Beeches, the lovely home in London South of the wedding for the past week, of a perfect and luxurious character. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill have gone to the West coast for their honeymoon; the bride travelled in a dull rose cloth costume, and a white felt hat with rose tips. The groom has for some time practised his profession in St. Thomas and there the young couple will make their home.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, who has just returned from Old Orchard, is living with her daughter at 329 St. George street.

Mr. Curtis Williamson has removed his studio from Toronto street, having secured Miss Laura Muntz's former studio in Yonge street Arcade.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray has taken rooms at 40 Wellesley street, at Miss MacDowall's.

Mrs. MacMillan (*née* Lash) bid good-bye to Toronto friends at her parents' home in Grenville street last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. MacMillan leave for their home in Princeton, N.J., next week, followed by best wishes for their happiness. The bridal party at their recent marriage were at Tuesday's reception.

Sir William and Lady Meredith, who are to reside at the Alexandra this winter, have been in Montreal visiting friends.

Thoughts Upon the Peace.

WHEN it comes to the spoken word the Russ wins. Before the war the Muscovite, as the louder in dispute, carried all before him. He was—to apply Kipling—"Killing the Mikado with his mouth." Then arrived the time for action and the tardy monster fell before his agile foe, but not, alas! "never to rise again." The peace question arose, and the giant arising with it won the day. The mouth again, you perceive.

Napoleon said that one day Europe would be either republican or Muscovite. By Muscovite, no doubt, he meant a verbatim form of government, i.e., by word of mouth.

It is stated that when President Roosevelt received the peace congratulations from King Edward and the Kaiser he was engaged in his favorite recreation of chopping down a tree.

It is not stated if he thereupon buried the hatchet.

Now that the war is really at an end nature is taking a hand at destruction. Earthquakes, explosions, accidents, seem to keep the death-rate at par.

C. P. S.

He—Have you had time to read my book yet? She—No—only the last few pages.

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The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
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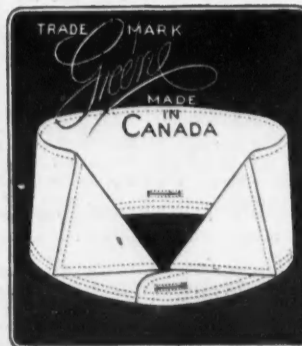
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Soap Books, each leaf a wash. Rex Rings, for Rheumatism. Rimmel's Lime Juice and Glycerine, for the hair. Safety Razors, Gillette's are the best. Shampoo Powder, one is sufficient for a shampoo.

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W. H. LEE,
King Edward Drug Store
Never closed.

Proctor's

220 Yonge Street **DIAMONDS**



AFTER THE STORM.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty returned from Roach's Point this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield, who since their marriage have resided at the King Edward, have leased a furnished house in Lowther avenue, No. 75, and are now residing there.

Mrs. Adam Beck and her little daughter, of London, and Mr. Harry Crerar and his sister, Miss Violet Crerar, of Dundas, Hamilton, have returned from England. Mr. Crerar has been studying abroad for years.

To-day the president and directors of the Ontario Jockey Club have invited a number of friends to luncheon at the Woodbine before the flag falls for the first race of the Fall Meeting.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, who has spent the summer abroad, returned home this week. During his absence Chudleigh was leased to Miss McCormick of Chicago.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. Ravenshaw, at Tunbridge Wells, England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne L. Sovereign, eldest daughter of Mr. Louis L. Sovereign of Waterford, Ont., and Mr. W. Percival Kirkpatrick, manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

An extremely pretty wedding took place on Tuesday at Old St. Andrew's church, when Miss Florence May Pringle, daughter of the late James Pringle of the Western Assurance Company, and Mrs. Pringle, was married to Mr. John Munro Sutherland of the Standard Bank, Toronto. The bride wore a gown of ivory *crêpe de Paris* over chiffon tulle, with trimmings of point lace; her veil was caught with orange blossoms and white heather, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her only ornaments were a pearl ring, the gift of the groom, and gold bracelet from her mother. The bride was attended by Miss Ross Pringle in a gown of silk hand-painted organdie over ivory tulle, and picture hat of Valenciennes lace with tulle ties, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. Two of the bride's nieces acted as flower girls, Misses Eloa and Dorothy Pringle, who wore white Swiss mull dresses, and "Juliet" caps of white satin and pearls, and carried baskets of white asters. The groomsmen were Mr. Frank R. Cronyn, and the ushers were Mr. Huron Cronyn, Dr. Archibald, Mr. F. J. Coombs, and Mr. T. H. Wilson. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaid, flower girls and ushers were pearl wedding bells. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., LL.D., and Mr. T. C. Jeffers presided at the organ. A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's mother, which was beautifully decorated with pink and white asters. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pringle, Captain and Mrs. Sylvester, Captain and Mrs. McGiffin, Mr. and Mrs. John Kent, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Mr. Cyril Ham, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacMurchy, Hon. W. J. and Mrs. Hanna, Samia; Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Durham; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell, the Misses Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tait, Orillia; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Brodie, Misses Ogilvie Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Buckland, the Misses MacMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cosbie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Haddon, Winnipeg; Mr. Morgan Jellett, Mr. M. H. MacDougall, Dr. Frank Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. D. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. McBurney, London; Mrs. Frank Galloway, the Misses Galloway and others. The happy couple left on the 4.20 train for the West; on their return they will reside in Parkdale.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Davis had a most delightful trip to the West coast and returned to Llawhaden last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox returned recently from a prolonged visit to Manitoba and the West coast, which they enjoyed very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod of Crescent road have gone on a pleasant jaunt through New York State to visit their daughter, Mrs. Whipple of Lockport, Dr. Norman McLeod of Lyon, and Dr. James McLeod of Buffalo.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund Wragge of British Columbia, and Miss Thompson, eldest daughter of Lady Thompson, takes place on Thursday, September 28. A reception at Lady Thompson's home in St. Joseph street, for which a limited number of friends have received invitations, will follow the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn returned from Birch Point, Lake Rosseau, their Muskoka summer place, on Monday.

Mrs. G. S. Gzowski returned from Lake Joseph, Muskoka, on Monday. Lady Gzowski, General and Mrs. Sandham and Mrs. Turner left for England on Thursday. Lady Gzowski will spend the winter with Mrs. Turner at Winchester and with General and Mrs. Sandham at Folkestone.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt returned from New London, Conn., a few days since.

Major and Mrs. Duer are at Mr. T. Blackstock's, where Mrs. Duer's kind and wise care of her invalid brother is so beneficial to him. Mr. Blackstock is happily quite improved this week, I hear.

Mrs. Scales of Wellington place, who has spent the summer in the Adirondacks, is in town, having returned to be with her mother, who has undergone an operation at the Western Hospital, and is doing very well. Mrs. Scales returns to the Adirondacks very soon.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong was in hospital for a week with a sudden attack of severe cold, developing into pneumonia. He was well enough this month to join a party to the Tad-

enac Fishing Club. Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Nesbitt also went up to the Tadenac.

Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong returned on Monday from a short visit to Mrs. Ince at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark went up to Minicoganshene last week for a short stay.

Mrs. James Mackenzie Alexander of Bon Accord and Miss Jean Alexander returned from England last week.

Miss Rowand and her niece, Miss Dora Rowand, who have spent the vacation on the Maine coast at Kennebunk, returned home to Crescent road on September 4th. They had a delightful little visit in Quebec on the way and enjoyed the festivities incidental to the visit of the English men-of-war at the Citadel. The Misses Rowand were not in England this summer.

The engagement of Miss Euphemia Smith, elder daughter of Dr. Andrew Smith, and Mr. Leonard McMurray was announced last week.

Mr. Percy Hodgins is enjoying a holiday abroad, having sailed for England last week.

Mrs. Backus, M.D., of Aylmer, returned home last week after a pleasant visit to Miss McLean Howard in Parkdale.

Mr. George Henry Hodgetts of Toronto, Canada, and Miss Victoria Alice Phillips, daughter of Mr. M. H. Phillips, of the Census Office, were married yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride in the Pancoast, 1343 East Capitol street. A simple ceremony was read by Rev. George E. Maydwell, pastor of the Waugh M. E. chapel. The bride was attired in a becoming going-away gown, and carried a large shower bouquet of bride's roses. Immediately after the wedding the couple left for Toronto, where they will make their future residence. Mr. Hodgetts is connected with one of the banks in Toronto.—*Washington Post*.

The marriage of Miss Edith Wilkes, daughter of Mrs. Robert Wilkes of Thistledeale, to Mr. Lincoln Carlisle will take place very quietly in St. Simon's church on Saturday, September 30th.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne has been at DeGrassi Point with her children since her return from England. Clover Hill has been in the hands of the decorators and Mrs. Osborne was down last week inspecting their work. The polo matches were brightened by the attendance of this and many another fair woman during the tournament. On Saturday the beautiful afternoon tempted a great crowd of smart people in their prettiest togs to Sunlight Park, many of whom afterwards dined at the Hunt Club. The belle from Texas was looking very well in a white embroidered gown and toque, Colonel and Mrs. McLean had Miss Slade, their guest, on the grand stand. Major and Mrs. Duer and Mr. G. T. Blackstock were there. Mrs. Duer looking very nice indeed in a lavender and white organdie dress and hat with white veil. Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. MacCulloch and Mrs. Gwynn Francis were a smart quartette. Many visitors from the States were at the match, cheering the victors, and condoling with the young player from Rochester who was put *hors de combat* near the close of the game by a nasty cut on the forehead. Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, General Otter, Colonel Septimus and Miss Denison, Miss Elmsley, Miss Constance Boulton, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Dora Rowand, who was one of a gay motor party and looked very radiant and happy, were a few of the gay crowd which filled the grand stand, the motors and carriages and were in danger of being run down several times on lawn by rampaging polo ponies prancing over the boundary board. Mr. Charles Willmot drove his dashing prize pony to the match, and all the officers from Stanley Barracks were on hand. Colonel Williams lost a pet pony, which was injured and had to be shot, but though there were several tumbles no player was severely hurt. Wet weather on Monday cut out the game altogether, and stopped it on Tuesday about five, when many ladies were on the stand and a scamper for the cars was in order when the clouds burst.

Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison will be at their new home, 614 Spadina avenue, for the winter. Mrs. Denison is still in England but will return next month. Miss Maude Denison went up to the Kingsmill-Puddicombe wedding in London this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth have taken Mr. Nicol Kingsmill's house in Yorkville avenue for the winter. Mr. and the Misses Kingsmill will travel for some months abroad.

Colonel J. T. Delamere and his brother, Mr. T. Delamere, with whom he has been stopping at Lake Simcoe, have returned to Toronto. Mrs. T. Delamere and Miss Keefe will probably not return until the end of the month.

The engagement of Mr. Tom Delamere, only son of Colonel Delamere, and Miss Agnes Morison of Manitoba, was announced recently, and I hear their marriage will take place in February. Miss Morison met her future during a visit to friends in Stratford, where Mr. Delamere has been residing for some time, and has been winning all hearts during a recent short stay in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassels of Cecil street, and their family, are back from their summer place. Mrs. and the Misses Harman have returned from their summer sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty are justly proud of the success of their young and clever son, who has matriculated at Toronto University, although not yet old enough to enter as an undergraduate. Another bright young fellow who seems to have gathered in a great number of honors and prizes at Upper Canada College is Mr. Colin Gordon's son, Robert. Both boys are keen students, but also fortunately robust fellows, the most promising type of young Canadians.

Mrs. J. Ross Robertson of Calladen has returned from England, on the *Virginia*. The Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Sweetman, Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Cockshutt of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss McKendry of Toronto also came over on the *Virginia*.



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From a Peak in Darien

appears on another page in this issue.

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Through the Eye of a Needle

By KATHERINE REED.

WHEN Miss Rosa Barclay got up that morning, she was as happy as Pippa. Not that she had ever heard of Pippa, or was likely to. Also, unlike Pippa, she was not even going to have a holiday; she was just going to work—but it was to be at Miss Judd's boarding-house. You see, she sewed for the boarders, who, although they did not always like one another, did like her. They couldn't help it any more than they could help calling her Rosa. Even the gentlemen did it, those that had been there quite a while—Miss Judd's old stand-bys who had now been rallied so long for matrimonial intentions when they hadn't any, by both transient and permanent ladies who imagined they had none either (as Shakespeare could say, but nobody else these days)—rallied so long, you notice, that they believed there was nothing in it for them. Especially, they hadn't been given more salary for some time, and they had a vague, not to say uncomfortable, idea that more would be needed if, well—if it were well, don't you know, meaning, different. That is, if they had to be silent about dressmakers' bills and just pay them, where now they could make complacent or cutting comments whenever a new dress came in to dinner.

Of course they never said anything when Miss Rosa had made the dress. How could they? In the first place, they all knew she never sent a bill. She was just paid by the day, except when some of the boarders postponed by the month. Sometimes, then, Rosa had to apologize for her landlord. This respectable person really liked these encounters, and fostered suspense during the process just to see how anxiety, fear, and trust all shaded at once in her face. Of course he didn't discriminate and name all that he saw—he just looked at it, anticipating eagerly what would happen next. For, best of all, he liked, at the suitable moment, to bring out her smile of relief—oh, such a relief, with that little dance in her eyes that he had been waiting for!

"I really don't need the money, Miss Rosa. Just take your own time." It was all worth \$5.50 per minute while it lasted. That was what she paid him per month.

In the second place, these gentlemen at Miss Judd's knew nothing about gowns. Why should they? Gowns were just a part of life, to take for granted like houses or grass, and to be noticed, if at all, chiefly at meals, where food was much more important. Also, Miss Rosa was more than her gowns. They felt this quite dimly, to be sure, and if you had said encouragingly that this was the way with all the real artists, they would have stirred in their chairs and looked away from you uneasily, perhaps, in the direction of the bread. They would need something at the moment, that was plain—and certainly the bread would be a much plainer matter to take in than your meaning. So you would allow yourself to be helped to bread, but it would certainly taste of rebuke.

However, Miss Rosa, at this point, would have asked you to pass her the plate, because she preferred crusts. You were so glad that one was still left there for her that you forgot your rebuke. It was the promptness you liked in her voice, especially just at that moment—but you liked also a kind of brightness, an almost-laugh underneath that was really just pure grace of the spirit, if you could have had depth or sense to see it so. Its effect on you was like a morning joy, though she didn't know that, either, any more than you. There was always more of that effect right after she had been trembling in to see the landlord. Each new apology made her tremble, quite irrespective of past rebukes. It was to her as if this time surely Mr. Goodkind would refuse. And when he so astonishingly didn't,

with every reason in the world for so doing, why, she trembled right off into the brightness of the morning star that Dante mentions (only you don't know where—of course not).

There was one person at the table who was a guardian of crusts. But he didn't like them. He said he was crusty enough, but remarked even this infrequently. The first time he had said it was in an appropriate tone of voice, so that Miss Rosa, who was opposite, quickly passed him the pancakes, saying the syrup was next him. She had a quiet surprise in her eyes that he had been hoping for as he pulled his eyebrows together into three straight proofs of his crustiness. He had his own reasons for his hopings when he accepted the cakes.

The syrup was near by, he observed to himself, and went on to the same audience in his silence; it was a distillation from northern snows and sturdy maples; it had spring's own freshness in it and the glows of autumn, a true golden brown, liquid and lovely.

By this time he was pouring the syrup into his saltcellar. And all that while it was only her eyes he was mooning over—Miss Rosa's eyes, which he once before told himself matched her hair as if she had done it herself. They were as full now of little shiny glints of fun as her hair was of lights when the western sun accidentally caught her near the window with her seams. But Miss Judd's eyes at this point flashed no fun at all. On the contrary, she had only an instant conviction about another fresh tablecloth, and four in the wash already that week.

"You're worse than crusty. About crazy, I should say!" she burst out at him, surprising him thus into fresh proof of her charges, since he dropped the syrup-cup helplessly altogether.

Then even Miss Judd joined in the laugh. He did himself when Miss Rosa began to mop up the sticky splashes and streams with her napkin, hurrying to say to him under cover of the laugh: "Never mind; it'll all come out in the wash."

This had all happened quite a while ago. In fact, he was the only one who had it by heart. Oh, I forgot to tell you who he was. Why, just Mr. Crampton of Solon Chase & Co., their head bookkeeper. Any other woman at that boarding-house could have told you how he looked—except Miss Rosa, but then she didn't live there. She only came from time to time. Those were the only real times there were—*he* thought. But nobody knew what he thought—not even he himself for quite a while. Then it all dawned on him; why he kept looking out for those crusts, for instance, and was so unusually prompt at certain meals. He was more hungry at those times, too, or at least stayed longer at the table. Come to think of it, his appetite had fallen off a good deal lately. Miss Judd was the only one who had noticed this. He was an ideal boarder, in her opinion, never giving an earthly scrap of trouble to her or the maids, and always paying his bills in full and on time. Also, he was never sick, and did not prescribe when other people were so. By the other boarders he had long been taken for granted. When they first came, they usually tried to puzzle him out, but more to find out what he really was on the inside of his mind. As he gave no help in their chief quest with him, each newcomer in turn finally let him lapse into merely a place at the table.

On the particular day Miss Rosa got up so happy, as I said long ago at the beginning, there was going to be a parade downtown. Nearly every one at Miss Judd's had decided to go. That wasn't what made Miss Rosa so happy, however, as she didn't know about it. In fact, I'm not sure if she knew herself why she felt such an interest in things that day. She just felt so and that was enough.

Mr. Crampton, however, decided at luncheon that he would not go to the parade, nor back to the office either. He telephoned that he was ill. Now that was a lie. He had never felt better in his life, nor more entirely of one mind. Yet he had never told a lie before—at least one that he could remember. His boyhood's complications may have wrenched a few from the native truth of his nature before it was sickled over with pining thoughts of consequences. On the whole, he rather hoped he had lied some hitherto. It would give an air of consistency to his behavior now. Still, having told this lie with a relief almost like that of a good conscience or a self-denial, he walked straight up to the sewing-room on the second floor. Here Mrs. Underwood's new gown was at that moment puckering Miss Rosa's mouth to match its own amazing puckerations.

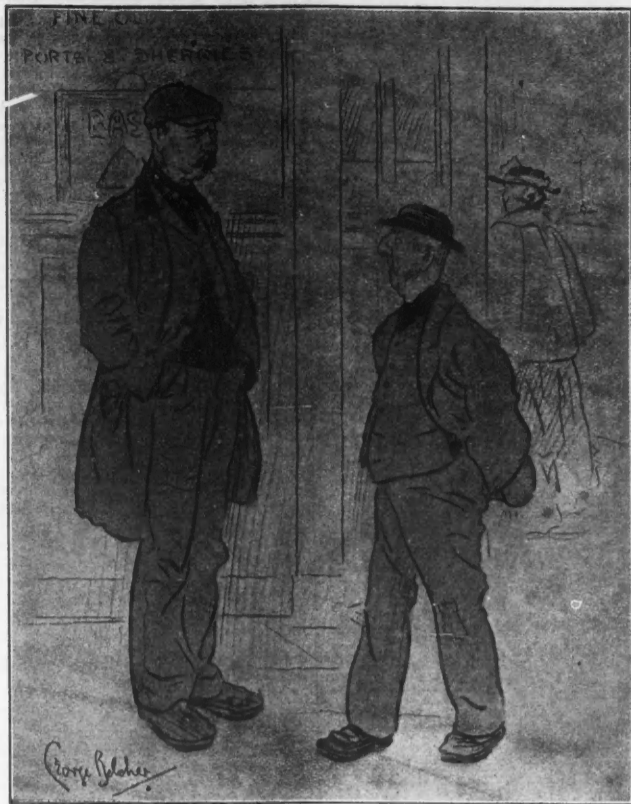
He knocked at the door with a decision that almost made Miss Rosa swallow a pin. But when she said "Come" in the pin-blurred voice, and saw who it was, she not only felt but looked unexpectedly helpless. She did not even say anything. She just sat there. He stood there. Then he said, gently: "Please take that pin out of your mouth."

She obeyed without its seeming an obedience. It was not a significant matter, apparently. She merely took out the pin and laid it down in the tray. Then she returned her eyes to his. He did not remember her color at that moment. So he walked over toward her, and sat down near by. "Miss Rosa," he began, "were you ever in love?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a shade of strange tremor in the promptness of her voice. "I've been in love all my life."

"With any particular person?" She did not answer him; she began to tremble. He saw this in her lips, her work-worn hands, the little quickening of her breath. So he helped her out by saying, still more gently: "I love somebody. It is the first time. I am thirty-four years old."

"Why did you never love before? How could you live without it?" she



"ENGLISH AS S HE IS SPOKE."
"Yer know Bill Stubbs wot's in thenavy? Well, 'e's gone an' got drowned in the Sewage Canal."

suddenly burst out at him.

Now he did not say anything. They both at that moment heard the stillness of the house. It was clearly her turn to help him out, but all she could do was to pick up the waist and begin to sew. Finally she laid it down—she looked up at him and then down again, for now his voice was saying what his eyes had been telling all along, only she couldn't seem to take it in before. The afternoon light had begun to lengthen and rest upon her hair.

She soon began to answer him—by questions chiefly. There seemed no other way; so that he could go on and say more, you see.

"Do you think I'd be a good fit into your life? I am so—so—why, not anything, I guess. I never had time to notice. Besides, you never sent any flowers—or—or candy. That's what those brides I sewed for always had. Isn't that one of the ways you can tell beforehand? They used to talk about that a good deal."

"But I didn't know where you lived."

"Why, 29 Green Apple Court, third flight up, at the back."

"I never heard of that place before. It sounds nice."

"The old gardener, who is crippled now, and lives down under me, says it was named like the places called The Elms, 'cause there weren't any elms, or else maybe it was poplars. Our apples are just stones and bricks, if that's what he meant."

"I wish I had been there. Why didn't you ask me?"

"Oh, should I? But how could I at the table, you see? I would have had to ask the others too, and I have only one room. It wouldn't hold so many. And even then—why, you couldn't have come in by yourself—you would have had to have a chaperon. All those young ladies I sewed for did—until they decided to change into brides. At first, when I heard them speak of it, I asked them what it was—a new kind of trimming? They said, oh, no, that it was just a protection for the gentleman. But I could have asked Jimmy Sanders up, if that would have done any good."

"I should like to see him. Perhaps I can yet—if you will only decide about that 'good fit'."

"Oh, yes, into your life." Here Miss Rosa became divinely serious. Then she said doubtfully, "Well, there's

Honest Physician

Works With Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from California to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (café au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (café noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club during the evening."

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, 'the blues'! I at first tried medicines, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea."

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled, however, to abandon speedily, for while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

something else. I am too poor, you see."

"No, you're not. I only wish I were half so rich. But I'd be too rich for Wall Street if I had you."

"You don't believe I'm poor? Now, I'll show you. I just get a dollar a day."

There was an instant's triumph in her tone, which quickly passed. Her cheeks began to burn. Her eyes fell once more, but she hurried on, almost breathless in the humility of confession and the joy of relief.

"Besides, I owe money. I do things I ought not—helping people is part of it. I've bought red flannel and medicine for Jimmy's grandmother—things like that, when I really couldn't afford it—I kept hoping I could earn more. And then once I took Jimmy to see a grand play—he goes to had ones 'cause they're cheap—and I heard my ladies say that boys ought to see good ones, so we went. It was *Julius Caesar*. He told the boys all about it, and they still act it out on the streets at night. He hasn't been to another play since. But I had to work a good while to pay for it. Then, you see, I was sick. That cost most of all, because there wasn't any money ahead then. I couldn't buy any new clothes, and if I could, there wouldn't be time to make them. At night I'm too tired, or else I read to the blind lady. I couldn't possibly get that money paid up till summer. And my weeks are all promised till May. My ladies want to begin on the children's summer clothes. So you see, it's impossible. I'm too poor; I owe money—and I haven't any time to marry you."

Here Miss Rosa began to cry. Now, Crampton had never seen her cry before. It had never occurred to him that she could. Why, she had always seemed only brightness, joyousness itself. You know, he had never seen her with her shabby little account-book, or those nights before she got up courage to go to the landlord. No more could he have imagined those other times when she used to look up at the small piece of sky out of her window instead of going to sleep, and ask God why she wasn't like other people—those ladies she sewed for, or those brides, for instance—and why she always had to be in other people's lives and outside of her own—just like that chiffon over the silk. But then the chiffon really got to things, and she didn't. Besides, chiffon cost a good deal—a dollar a yard—and she was only worth a dollar a day.

It all came back to her—those nights—while she cried there before her first, her only lover. The memories only added anguish to her tears. Here he was at last whom she had hardly dared dream of, much less hope for. But she was not to have him—it was too much riches and she was poor. Why, it was terrible, it couldn't be true at all; God wouldn't, couldn't leave her so.

Of course he couldn't. That is what he meant by having that tall, dark man there at that moment—a kind of temporary proxy, you see, if you are religious enough. (If you aren't, you wouldn't see anyway, no matter what I said.) So the large, dark man just picked up the hand with the thimble on it, all cracked from stitches and callosities from seams, and put in carefully around his neck. Then he lifted up her head and laid it on his shoulder, where it was quite convenient to wipe off all the tears. The rest of it is not for you or for me, though the boarders thought it was for them when they came home.

She told them right away. For one thing, she had to make an apology to the lady because the waist wasn't done. It was right there where it fell three hours ago when things began to happen. But she didn't tremble this time over the apology. It was quite a fierce little one—almost as if she had said, "Finish your old waist yourself!"—just like Biddy or Mary Ann who depart on wash-day having got the clothes into soak.

Then the boarders all laughed, more than over the upset syrup-cup. Miss Judd came in to see, and the unoffending and forgiving lady who owned the waist laughed most of all, and put her arms around Miss Rosa, who began to cry again from astonishment at being the center of attraction, like a baby or the North Pole.

They all ate a very hearty supper that



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Made in equal parts by all grocers. See top.

A. F. MAC LAREN IMPERIAL CHEESE COMPANY, Limited

Toronto, Ontario, and Detroit, Michigan

"Nothing Better."

night, so that Miss Judd threatened to raise the price of their board. The dark man said all right for her, she could raise his all she wanted to—he was going to change his boarding-house anyway.

But just then he caught a dismayed look in Rosa's eyes and stopped short. So did the rest of them.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said, right away. "I couldn't cook; I could never learn. I can just sew. And perhaps, then, I oughtn't to marry you."

She went on, or went back, I should say, to that afternoon state of mind when she was too this or too that. Surely now she had found the Everlasting No; so long as a man must eat, why, his wife must know how to cook. And she had always enjoyed seeing him eat so. That was really the only place she had seen him—at meals.

Well, those boarders began to laugh again, and might have been laughing still if Miss Judd hadn't said briskly: "Come, now, let's plan about the wedding. It'll have to be here, of course."

So they became serious at once, but in order to keep so they sent off the little dressmaker as quickly as if she were a cook discharged for stealing or other equivalent impudence. Crampton went along—as chaperon—until they could meet Jimmy and persuade him to undertake the position.

At the office next day the head book-keeper asked for his summer vacation.

"Right away," said his chief. "It's just January now—a little cool for picnics," consulting his thermometer, which replied nothing—being at zero.

"Yes," replied Crampton promptly, like Rosa in asking for the crusts. "Next week I'm going to be married."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the head of the firm, and then wheeled suddenly round to look out of the window, where chimneys giving out soft clouds of sootiness rebuked the smoke ordinance on every hand. When he turned back, the quietly waiting Crampton thought his stern, rugged face positively handsome as he raised his clerk's salary on the spot and asked to come to the wedding. How much was the raise? Never mind; you shouldn't know till you can make out as good a case for yourself.

The wedding day was bright and clear. The head of the firm came in his automobile, but the bride insisted on walking over with Jimmy as single guard. Jimmy had never had so much fun in his whole life before as in those past seven days. He had no time even to fight; there was too much treating of cronies on hand, in between the chaperonage of Miss Rosa. Green Apple Court was awestruck at his eminence.

The boarders had never been so fond of each other. They had paid for the chiton dress which they all said Miss Rosa must have just this once, despite her fright and exclamations. Every one had given or made something for her to wear or take away. Crampton they hardly spoke to, much less remembered—between meals. It was all Miss Rosa. Miss Judd was an amazement of efficiency; also, having found a place near by for them to room, she insisted on their coming back to board a while at first till she could teach Miss Rosa how to cook. She made every arrangement for the day itself in her most expert manner—all but one—who should give the bride away. So, when the minister came to that part of the perfect service there was a silence, till Miss Judd, with an unexpected quaver and even a crack in her habitually commanding voice, gave the expected response.

It was all over quite too soon, all for the better, none for the worse, for health they hoped, for poverty they knew, and the chief sent them off to the train in his automobile.

How the Sultan Goes to Pray.

WHEN the troops are placed the cortege appears. Four carriages advance at a walk—closed carriages and with blinds half down. It is the harem, guarded by black eunuchs wearing long topcoats.

Then, on foot, in two lines, at regular intervals, the high dignitaries of the court, the Ministers, Generals, Governors, all in gorgeous uniforms covered with gold braid and orders. During the whole ceremony there is a continuous going back and forth of servants with valises, containing changes of regalia needed as the ceremony proceeds.

The horses appear led by hand. They are mounted by two young men—the Sultan's sons.

A child not over eight or nine years old, in full uniform, with decorations on his breast and a sword by his side which seems to give him great trouble, walks to the door of the mosque and there remains standing. A dozen young officers, the oldest not over 12, follow him and take place about him. These are the Sultan's grandsons and his military suite.

Twenty-three. The officers charged with the surveillance of the terrace order the closing of all parasols and sunshades. The imperial carriage appears, advancing at a walk, driven by a magnificent coachman (kavass) in a light blue costume—most elaborately embroidered in gold.

On its appearance it is saluted by a cold, mechanical hurrah given by the troops, who present arms. The Sultan is alone on the back seat with the Minister of War facing him. All about the carriage is the Albana guard, on foot, in several rows and as close together as walking will allow.

The Sultan is simply dressed and wears the fez. With his right hand, gloved in white, he responds to salutes. His downcast eyes are raised for an instant toward the terrace. He seems ill at ease and anxious to be through with the ceremony.

He does not resemble published portraits of him. He is much better looking; less old, less fatigued, less knavish, much more energetic. Moreover, how could his portraits be faithful? Who has ever been able to photograph him? Cameras are forbidden in Turkey. The religious law forbids the worship of images and considers the reproduction of the features of an individual as a beginning of idolatry.

Received by his grandson as he alights



PRECIPITATE.
Spinster (at the moment of the collision)—Oh, sir, this is so sudden.

from the carriage, the Sultan walks up to the few steps leading into the mosque. As soon as he crosses the threshold the spectators vaguely hear a strident chanting, soon drowned by the noise of the troops.

A half-hour passes. The troops begin to leave, passing by the mosque's door and on to their quarters. The prayer is ended.

A carriage drawn by two admirable gray horses draws up before the mosque. The kavass who brings this equipage leads it on foot and is dressed in red and gold.

The formalities are most minutely arranged. The Sultan, who arrives in a landau, must leave in a "daumont," which he drives himself. The harness is gilded, the wheels are gilded, the axles are gilded, the body of the carriage is gilded—everything and everybody of the carriage has more or less gilt, save the Sultan.

The avenue is now almost deserted, all the troops have gone. They were there not for his protection? The truth is that as the religious law requires that the people, or at least some of them, shall witness the ceremony, Abdul Hamid II. complies with it in a way he deems safe. His soldiers are part of his people and represent the others.

As soon as he has taken his place in the carriage the top is raised—it is simply because the sun is so hot?—and the carriage returns to Yildiz-Kiosk, surrounded by the Albanians, who seem to be pushing and pulling it, so close are they.

The carriages of the harem follow; the noble ladies have not moved, nor has even a curtain. The horses, more fortunate, have been unhitched. In spite of the luxury of the ceremony, the chief feature of it is the *enut* and evident disquiet.

At Last!

A peremptory knock sounded on the jasper gate. The office boy hurried in to St. Peter.

"Cyrus Townsend Brady's outside," he said, "and says he must see you at once!"

St. Peter turned pale. "It has come at last!" he whispered hoarsely. "Cyrus Townsend Brady has run out of modern references and is after me for material for another historical novel!"

Then he swooned.

There's a Reason.

That's All Right, But What Is It?

A lady teacher in South Dakota says: "I was compelled to give up teaching for nearly four years because of what the physicians called 'nervous dyspepsia.' Nor was I of any use in the household economy. I was in many respects a wreck."

"I had numerous physicians, one after another, and took many different kinds of medicine, but they did me no good. Finally, five years ago, I began to use Grape-Nuts food. I grew stronger in a very short time on the new diet, and was soon able to resume and am still teaching. I no longer use drugs of any kind, my dyspepsia has disappeared and I am a hearty woman—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Brain work and worry take strength from the stomach and bowels. They become too weak to handle the fried meat, eggs, bacon, coffee and white bread, so, partly digested they decay and cause all sorts of trouble which will become chronic if continued. Then the nerves and brain grow weary, for they are deprived of the rebuilding elements the food must furnish to replace the soft gray filling of nerve centers and brain which is partly used up each day.

Now comes the mission of Grape-Nuts to supply the "Reason." Made in a peculiar and scientific way of the selected parts of Wheat and Barley this famous food contains natural phosphate of potash with albumen which combines with water in the body and makes that gray matter quickly and surely. Then when nerves and brain feel the power of new-made and properly made cells, the strength returns to stomach as well as other parts. "There's a reason." Anyone can prove it.

See the little book *The Road to Wellville* in each package.

MODERN INSTANCES.

The King of Italy has recently had plans submitted to him for the raising of the ancient Roman ships which are to be seen at the bottom of the Lake of Verni near Albano. Several bronze utensils and ornaments belonging to the ships have been recovered and are now in the local museums, and it is thought that many interesting specimens of ancient art are still contained in the vessels in which the unhappy Caligula sailed on the lake nearly 2000 years ago.

One of the medical papers has been discussing the Connemara custom of dressing grown-up boys in petticoats, and does not seem to be aware that it is merely a survival of what was once the general practice in Ireland. Less than forty years ago young men of nineteen might be seen—and were seen—within thirty miles of Dublin courting in petticoats in the country lanes. These were worn with high waists and long skirts reaching almost to the ankles, and a holland overall resembling an English countryman's smock completed the costume. But there was no difficulty in distinguishing the sexes by their dress. The man's waist was right under his armpits, while the woman's was in the usual place; when they walked out together they resembled a couple of figures from the Noah's Ark of the toy shop—a proof of the real antiquity of the costume.

Fred Rakic, the young San Francisco newsboy and shoeblack who has gone to Europe with the intention of shining the boots of King Edward, arrived in London a week ago. He is a pleasant-looking youth of fifteen with very little self-assertion in his manner. He left Frisco in April, 1904, with fifteen cents in his pocket and shined his way to Washington, where he blacked Presi-



dent Roosevelt's shoes. He worked his passage across the Atlantic by shoe-blackening, and after spending a few days in Liverpool, where he "shined" the Lord Mayor, he tramped to London and is now looking for a suitable opportunity for blacking the King's boots. He carries with him a ledger containing testimonials from the various distinguished persons to whom he has acted as shoeblack. After leaving London he will make his way to Paris and Berlin with his eyes on the boots of President Loubet and the Kaiser.

Various reasons have been assigned for the increase in stature and strength of the modern maiden, who has most certainly grown uncommon tall and proportionately muscular during the past few years. It cannot be that outdoor sports, gymnastic exercises, and so on, have stretched her out and made her as strong as she is, because her brothers have had precisely the same advantages, and they have not developed at the same rate. It seems to me, therefore, that the secret lies in the fact that of recent years girls have become far greater consumers of sweetmeats than ever were their mothers and grandmothers. Time was when we should never have dreamt of having sweets on our luncheon, dinner and tea tables. Now it would be quite extraordinary were one not to offer these dainties. And what is more, we are not merely content to eat sweetmeats at our meals, but we consume them at all times and in all places between meals. It was recently said

that boxes of bonbons play a conspicuous part in modern lovemaking. "Sweets to the sweet" being apparently the text by which every young man of the day guides himself through the devious paths of courtship. The great Russian wrestler who is shortly to enter again into contest with the Turk, Madrali, tells us that the more sweet stuff one eats, the stronger one grows. Sugar is the secret of strength, he declares.—*London World.*

A singular discovery has recently been made at the monastery of Tzidan in Hungary. For thirty years it has been famous as the residence of the saintly Father Basile Popovice. From all quarters pilgrims flocked to obtain the blessing of this monk, whose ascetic life and singular virtues were widely known. Not long ago Father Basile died, aged ninety, and when his body was being prepared for interment it was discovered that the monk was a woman. It is recalled that thirty years ago the horrible murder of a husband and two children was perpetrated in a remote part of the district. The wife disappeared and was believed to have committed suicide. Popovice came as a suppliant for admission to the monastery the second night after the commission of the crime, and there is strong circumstantial evidence that she was the murderer.

Lovers of birds will be interested in the discovery of Professor Dvornitsky of Astrakhan, who declares that he can interpret the system by which birds communicate with one another. According to a pamphlet published by him inter-communication between all birds that live in captivity can be observed and recorded. Only to express the emotions of hunger, affection and anger do birds use their voices; more complex ideas are communicated by making signs with their beaks, wings, and feet. Half of the apparently aimless motions made by a bird upon a twig or perch are really messages to other birds within sight. Certain of these signs are never made by birds kept in solitary captivity, and this M. Dvornitsky thinks proves that they are a form of sign language. He says, "There is no reason to suppose that sound is the only natural means of inter-communication between living beings; many low forms of life 'talk' yet make no sound."

In turning over a six-year-old magazine the other day I met with a curious account of an old Chinese prophecy which has since been fulfilled. It was communicated to Colonel Macgregor by the soothsayers the year the present Chinese Emperor ascended the throne, when the colonel made his attempt to visit the Temple of Heaven at Peking. The text was, of course, in Chinese, but the colonel's English translation ran:

When an old hag governs and a young man reigns.

When the dearth and the deluge distress the land.

And the Temple of Heaven no more remains.

Then watch for the sword which is close at hand.

The Temple of Heaven was struck by lightning and destroyed a few years ago, and about the same time there was a famine in China and great floods devastated whole regions of the country. The rest of the prediction has been terribly fulfilled. Here, then, is a case for Mr. Oliver Lodge and the Spook Society to investigate.

How the Pastor Fell.

"My uncle," said the sailor, "is a minister, a Baptist minister. He was talkin' to me one day about stolen sermons."

"He says no minister actually starts out to steal a sermon. The thing works itself around like this:

"The minister gets a lazy fit on him, don't prepare any discourse for the comin' Sunday, and on Sunday mornin' carries into the pulpit a sermon of another chap, intendin' to read it, and afterwards to say it ain't his'n, but So-and-so's. See?"

"But the flesh, hang it all, is weak. He reads the other chap's sermon, and it makes a bit, a regular sensation. He can see the congregation sayin' to one another with their eyes: 'He's improv'in', ain't he? Didn't think he had it in him.' And the poor feller's vanity gets the upper hand. He don't say nothin' about the sermon's belongin' to So-and-so. And thus, you see, it becomes a swiped sermon."

"Uncle is a mighty dry preacher. But at least he don't swipe his sermons. He used to, though. He got cased by what he called a special dispensation. A special rough dispensation I call it."

"He had a good church at the time in a thriving village. He liked the place, and the place liked him. He was gettin' along fine."

"One Sunday he was lazy and grabbed up a volume of sermons, and, enterin' the pulpit, he opened the book at random and pitched in."

"As he preached away on this here stolen sermon, he seen that he had never read it before. It was a mighty good sermon, though. The congregation looked mighty interested."

"And then, all of a sudden, uncle wished the earth would swallow him up. For right in the middle of a paragraph he found himself presentin' a marble drinkin' fountain to the town—a fountain with three spouts, where the water gushed out of dolphins' mouths, and with a horse trough of white marble in the middle. This sermon, you see, was by a rich English feller; it was about kindness; and it wound up with the presentation of the fountain, which the Englishman could well afford."

"Uncle couldn't afford it, though. Still, he give it, havin' said he would in such a public way. And my, but the people was surprised and pleased."

"Uncle avoided stolen sermons for three months after that. Then his salary was raised a hundred dollars—raised, they told him, on account of his goodness in donatin' the fountain to the town. That made him feel a little easier in his mind."

"And on another lazy Sunday he preached another sermon he hadn't read

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in use for more than fifty years and during that time thousands of women have used it with entire satisfaction.

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over previous. This was a beautiful piece, but kind of sad, kind of mushy, and, by crinus, the further on it went, the sadder and mushier it got, till, at the end, my terrified uncle heard himself a-readin' these here words:

"And now, brothers, sisters, farewell. To-day I leave the church forever. For I find, alas, that the pastoral life is too severe for my constitution. I have not robust health. Farewell."

He was in debt \$200 for the drinkin' fountain, and he hadn't a cent saved up. He lived on his father-in-law a year before he got another charge.

"He's never stolen any more sermons since."

Not Particular.

He—She believes kissing goes by favor.
She—Oh, yes; and any man who kisses is in favor with her.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons as not studied.

MARGARET K.—It is quite impossible to reply in next issue, and as a matter of fact I have just opened your letter. Your writing shows imagination, good sequence of thought, clearness and facility of expression, some hope and a generally gracious and cheerful disposition. You hold tenaciously to rights, ideas and beliefs, are careful of detail, capable of good concentration, sometimes easily affected by moods, and open to influences. The writing of a woman who will never succeed in being stupid or uninteresting.

H. L. B. BRANDON—Will send delineation ordered, by post, and trust it may be received.

PHAROS—This study is remarkable for ambition and a certain determination to achieve. Writer has energy and snap, honesty, care for detail, variable impulse and purpose sometimes erratic; generally discretion is strong, but writer sometimes does heedless things. Expression is clear and logical, perception bright, and though the subtler graces would be perhaps better for development the general impression is worthy and capable.

ANALYSIS—Determination, adaptability, clear but hasty thought, practical effort, caution and some reserve in dealing with others, frankness, courage, independence of influence, a firm purpose, in short, a person apt to know beyond all what she wants and how to secure it. The character is not fully developed, but will, or should, make a rare completion if carefully trained, and above all, sweetened with loving sympathy and patience. It seems just a trifle curt and hard at present.

SWASIS—The nature is very material but full of interest and a certain crude power which may become a force in affairs. Writer has a mind and knows how to apply it, even big affairs not being likely to confuse it. All the impulses are broad and generous and the heart liable to respond to emotional influences, the capacity for affection, love of comfort, and tendency to hold what he has, being primitive traits strongly marked. Writer may not be a precise mathematician, but is a very forceful, wholesome and natural human being. If a woman, may be a writer and an original one. If a man, will probably do things instead of fancy them. In any event should either do or be something strong to justify this chirography.

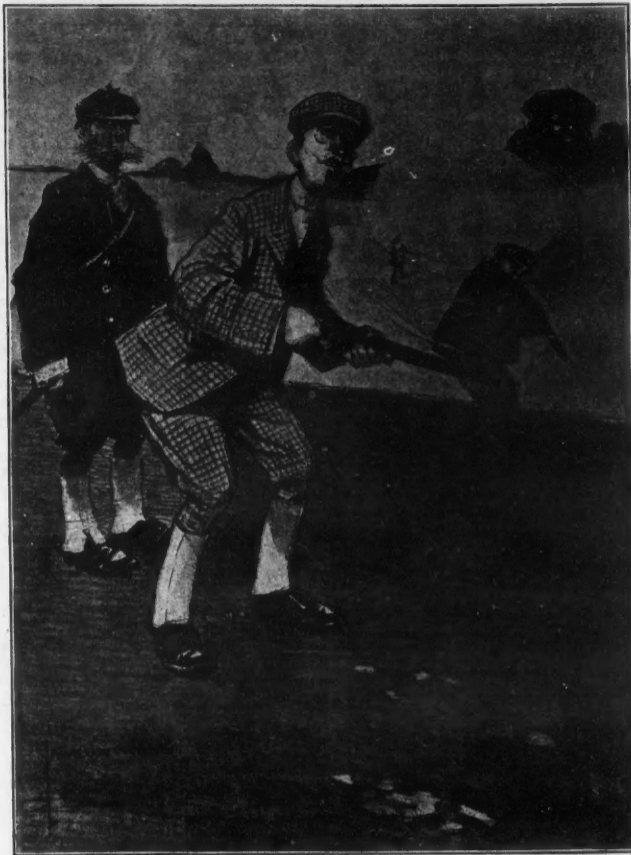
SUMMER—"Born in February" is not definite enough. I wish the exact day. Judging by the happy-go-lucky careless way you don't dot your "i"s and the way you drop "h"s where you should use "em, you may easily be an extra indifferent Aquarius child, but this isn't a guessing column. The writing is open to influences, very sentimental but not original, apt to run an idea threadbare from over-use. In the whole eight lines there isn't a "u" crossed nor an "i" dotted. The "a"s and "o"s all gape wide, and the general tenor of your way is unfinished and somewhat weak. There is a suggestion of latent force, which only needs a sudden call to waken, but as you write it now, your character is in the nature of a lean-to.

TENEDOS—It is a clever, bright, pleasant and not too forcible specimen of womanhood. The rules you make for graphological studies are certainly sensible. To write fifty words naturally is enough, with some sort of signature. You are loquacious, bright and interesting, with good sequence of ideas, frank and undiplomatic methods, and at the same time discretion enough to be safe. There is also some originality and much desire to please. Except *Becky Sharp* I knew nothing of Thackeray until this summer, when on a long sea voyage I got quite intimate with *Arthur Pendennis*. I much enjoyed him. Think well of yourself. I don't fear that you will need the Pauline exhortation. You are too observant for that.

ANXIETY—There is no charge. The column is open for the readers of the paper, and though they must wait their turn they all get their due at last. Your writing shows over-desire for approbation and a little too much pose, otherwise it's a fair specimen. August 18 brings you under Leo, fire sign, sometimes exacting, unsatisfied, envious and generally given to complaint. August women should cultivate generous, patient and unselfish tone of mind, never give way to suspicion, over-sensitiveness, or malicious act or thought. It is a powerful sign for good, and also can be very mischievous in evil unless firmly disciplined. You have some excellent traits, and show little of the Leo faults above stated. Trustworthy, discreet and good-tempered, very frank and honest you seem to be.

MARJORIE—This is a refined, feminine and somewhat exacting study; writer expects a good deal of friends and is self-asserting and decided in her judgments. The mind is not clear nor the sequence of ideas good. The purpose is practical and constant, the lack of inspiration is marked. Writer is methodical and careful, business-like and sometimes a trifle pessimistic, the touch of buoyancy being lacking. May 15 brings her under Taurus, earth sign, strong, patient, material and too much governed by outer seeming.

A JUNE BUG—September 3, Virgo, earth sign. Your writing is strongly individual and forceful, showing good, clear thought, open and courageous nature, discreet and trusty character, with



Young Blood—Ought to have killed Joe—Yes, sir, you ought. But the Colonel 'e do dodge uncommon smart.—The Sketch.

some sharpness and angularity due to defective culture. You should make your way if natural good sense and enterprise can do so. I can encourage you by saying that your spelling and composition would give pointers to a good many of my studies, even if you have really only been to school one half-day in your life! What cut short your career?

A LONE WOMAN—I fancy any properly educated woman who would take up a small private school in Toronto would find enough pupils among the younger children to make her living, if she had any introductions or influence. I think a school of thirty pupils would be possible among very young children, for many persons absolutely decline to send such to Public kindergartens. Do you feel like trying your luck? Of course Taurus folk are not generally successful teachers of young folks. I don't see latent talent, but obvious gifts of several sorts, very different from teaching. You are a trifle despondent and your nature isn't concentrated enough to do itself justice. It is so like a Taurus to make that promise of reward in coin, if my reading were encouraging, even though said in jest. Taurus isn't adaptable, neither do you seem to be, but if you get any sort of opening, not teaching, try it, and success to you!

CLAIRE, GODERICH—Kindly let me know if your last letter was answered. I have just come across one, which I will keep until I hear again, if you answer promptly.

MARIAN—How is the little maid? Oftentimes I was sorry I "spoiled a good mind," but there are other summers. There was something of compensation this time also. Won't you please let me hear again from the South Shore? A section of my heart's memory is given to that far-away little nook where we first met.

CAROLYN—February 13, Aquarius, air sign, greatly gifted in magnetic power, spiritual force, influential and inspired, but careless and prodigal. As the wind that blows are your variable moods and tempers, my fluctuating friend. Learn to stand and steady yourself and not depend on the weather or men's favor for your song of praise or your dirge. I have no use for dirges. Your study is full of the sweet attractiveness of your sign, full of taste and sentiment, refinement and responsiveness.

Their Relations.

Stella was a chorus-girl,
Ella was another;
Stella had a "cousin" rich,
Ella had a "brother."

Stella had a lot of rings,
And brooches by the dozen;
Her salary was very small—
But then she had her "cousin."

Ella she had still more jewels,
Her person they did smother;
She had a horse and carriage, and
She also had a "brother."

"Price's" Original Pasteurized Milk and Cream.



Produced From the Best Farms

a cheque for \$5000 in payment for two poems, Lord Byron promptly returned it, declining to receive a penny for his work. Moore was paid \$15,000 for *Lalla Rookh*, a payment at the rate of about \$2 a line, or twenty times Dryden's remuneration. And yet all that Thomas Campbell could get for his *Pleasures of Hope* was \$300. No wonder that he was bitter, or that he once toasted Napoleon because, forsooth, he had ordered a bookseller to be shot.

Lord Macaulay received a single cheque for \$100,000 as his share of the profits of his *History of England*; Gibbon is said to have cleared \$50,000 by his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; while Hume received \$3500, relatively a modest sum, for each volume of his history. Charles Dickens was able to leave behind him \$500,000 of the profits made by his pen, half of which amount he received during the last five years of his life; Bulwer Lytton's books brought their author \$400,000, a smaller sum than one would be inclined to credit him with; and Thackeray's novels produced about the same sum.

Anthony Trollope worked very hard for the \$35,000 his novels are said to have yielded in twenty years. It is instructive to learn that he began his writing career with an income of \$5 a month and closed it with \$20,000 a year. His novel, *La Vendee*, published in 1850, was sold outright for \$100; a dozen years later he was receiving well over \$15,000 for a story. Lord Tennyson was able to refuse \$25,000 a year for the exclusive right of publishing his poems.

An Easy Choice.

This story is told about President Roosevelt and an aged dandy called Uncle Jake. The old colored man was very religious, and was considered a pillar of the church he attended.

The President, while out driving one cold morning, met Uncle Jake, crippled with rheumatism, hobbling along.

"Good morning, Uncle Jake," said the President.

"Good morning, sah," responded the dandy.

Then a happy thought struck Mr. Roosevelt. "Uncle Jake," he said, "which would you rather have this cold morning, a ton of coal or a bottle of whiskey?"

"Well," said the dandy, hesitatingly, "it's this way, Mistah President, you see, ma folks burn wood."



PROBABLY NOT.

He—So you have given up searching for your ideal?
She—Yes. I have come to the conclusion that there is no impossible man outside the realms of fiction.

Fares, Please.

An interesting dialogue between a woman and a railway conductor, in which the woman got the best of it, is reported by the *Philadelphia Press*.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat and the car's crowded. There are people standing."

"I can't help that."

"I haven't time to argue this matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet."

"You've got to begin doing it some time."

"Not this trip, any way."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"All right; put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before."

A Fair Deal.

A Southern Congressman tells a story of an old negro in Alabama who, in his bargaining, is always afraid that he may get "the worst of it." On one occasion, it appears, this aged dandy went after a calf that he had pastured all summer, and asked what he owed for the pasturing.

"I have a bill of \$10 against you," said the farmer who had undertaken the care of the animal, "but, if you are willing, I'll take the calf and call it settled."

"No, sah!" promptly exclaimed the negro, "I'll do nothing like dat. But," he added, after a pause, "I'll tell you what I will do—you keep the calf two weeks longer and you can have it."

Saved!

He had just got outside the station when his face turned ashen grey, and with a choking sound in his throat he clutched at his inside pocket, and darted back through the archway, overturning a perambulator full of babies, and knocking down a newsboy.

"Stop! Stop that train! Stop that train for the sake of all that's dear!" he shrieked as he ran down the platform, waving a small parcel in despairing appeal to the guard.

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Others took up the cry, and with a grinding of wheels and a snort of steam the train stopped, and began slowly to back into the station. The man thereupon dashed to a third-class compartment, and handed the parcel to a severe-looking lady inside. When the train had steamed out once more he blurted out, by way of explanation to the enraged station-master:

"It was Maria's curling-tongs. If I had forgotten 'em my life wouldn't have been worth living."

His Reason.

One of the witnesses called in a Chicago divorce case last year was a highly respected clergyman in the Windy City. According to one of the counsel in the case the following conversation took place between the judge and the minister.

Said his Honor:

"Dr. Blank, if you were on the bench in my stead, and were acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?"

"Assuredly I would, your Honor," replied the clergyman, without the least hesitation.

"But," said the judge, "how do you reconcile this assertion with the injunction of Scripture, 'Whom God hath

joined let no man put asunder?"

"Your Honor," responded the minister, with convincing gravity, "I am quite satisfied that the Almighty never joined this couple."

Paddy at Niagara.

I never hear an American boasting of his country's greatness without thinking of the Irishman at the Falls of Niagara. "There!" cried Jonathan to a newly-arrived Paddy as he waved his hand in the direction of the Horseshoe Falls. "There! Now, isn't that wonderful?"

"Wonderful?" replied Pat. "What's wonderful?"

"Why, to see all that water come thundering over those rocks."

"Faix, then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "I can't see anything very wonderful in it at all, at all. Why, what the devil is there to hither it from coming over?"

"American Wife (off to Paris)—Well, I've sent our house plants to a florist, our cat to a cat's home, our dog to a canine boarding-house, and our bird to the birds' lodging-house, so that they will all be well taken care of during my absence. But what in the world am I to do with the baby?"



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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The Drama

THE blue Monday that followed Exhibition week was agreeably lightened by the vagaries of *San Toy*, which was greeted by an appreciative crowd at the Grand Opera House. This musical comedy has been produced in Toronto more artistically before now, but the wit of *Li* as exploited by Mr. George E. Mack was bright enough to make one forget such afflictions as the orchestra and the lack of fresh air. The coloring of the decorations is pleasing and restful, and even the sage-green gargoyles on the boxes seemed to grin sympathetically at the travelled Chinaman in baggy garments who frisked and capered and talked pidgin English in most captivating fashion. As a mimic he is in the front rank, and his local hits were swift and telling. There was but one reference to Hamilton, and it looks as if this chestnut were to be finally roasted. The plot of *San Toy*, like that of other compositions of the class, does not exist. The performance consists of pretty girls, a few good choruses and the *bons mots* of *Li*. The jingy music is rather above such productions as *The Wizard of Oz* and *The Isle of Spice*, but *Rhoda* and her *Pagoda* is the only number that has the catching lilt of *The Good Old Days* or *The Rajah of Bhong*. Miss Florence Smith as *San Toy* was as dainty a little maiden as ever won the heart of sailor or emperor and sang with a sweetness rather surprising after the shrillness of the average musical comedienne. Miss Mabel Strickland took the part of *Poppy*, the daughter of the British Consul, *Sir Bingo Preston*, in a rather wooden fashion. *Dudley*, *Poppy's* maid, was played with vivacity by Miss Viola Kellogg, who was gracefully pert throughout her wooing by the festive *Li*. Mr. Harry Burcher as *Captain Bobby Preston* was a desirable lover for *San Toy*, although his accent seemed not exactly of the British Isles. Mr. Edward Bagley, in the part of the obese old mandarin, *Yen Hoo*, was to the manner born, and his sextette of pretty wives were as gay a group as ever made a happy little Eastern household. Mr. James Hughes, as *Lieutenant Harvey Tucker*, was so martial in air that we suspect he is related to our own James L. Mr. W. L. Romaine played the ungrateful part of the Emperor, who was made an unnecessarily disgusting old chap. The song *Tommy Atkins* was dragged in by the hair in the second act and made a clamorous appeal to the gallery. A verse about Johnny Canuck brought wild applause, but the final stanza showed a business-like regard for Uncle Sam's good silver dollars in its reference to "America" and England hand in hand. How we love each other when there's any chance of making money by the sentiment! When a patriotic song enters naturally into the comedy as in *The Runaway Girl* there is no complaint to be made, and we may rejoice legitimately in the doings of the Soldiers of the King. But when an inartistic trick is resorted to in order to stir patriotic applause there is a cheapness about the affair that always accompanies such clumsiness. We are proud of the Empire and of Johnny Canuck's doings in South Africa, and we have no doubt of his courage and resource, but we have no desire to emulate our neighbors to the south, who dragged out "our war with Spain" in the magazines and on the stage until sensible people wished that Dewey and Hobson had gone up with the *Maine*.

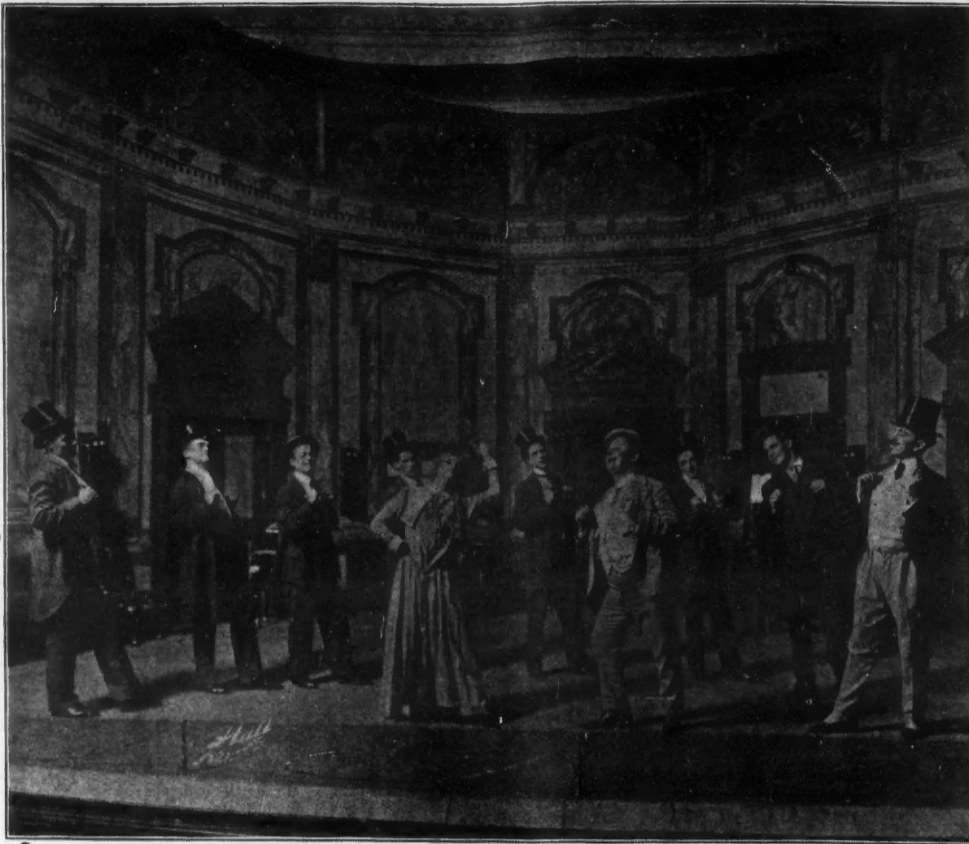
J. G.

The performance at Shea's this week is very considerably above the average, and people have been turned away nightly at this popular resort. The trun of the noted August family of five members is very clever. Three of the number, including two ladies, enter a Parisian restaurant as guests, while the other two act as hilarious attendants. They juggle with everything from the oranges to the furniture, and from start to finish the performance is dazzling. Mitchell and Cain, with funny dialogue and catchy songs, are genuinely amusing, and Paul Barnes in monologue and story supplies one of the best and most laughable features of an excellent programme. The Hengler Sisters, dainty and petite, delight the audience with their unique dances. They also sing with considerable effect. Trim little Lotta Gladstone, the girl with the Langh, is as heartily received as ever, though her fun might perhaps be a trifle more spontaneous. The sketch by Frederic Bond & Co., *My Awful Dad*, in which the youthful, fraternal but likable father has sport with his painfully proper son, is very well given and proves extremely popular. These features, with Brazil and Brazil, gymnasts, and the Kinetograph, complete the bill.

Coming direct from its triumphs in London and New York City, the latest Leslie Stuart comic opera, *The School Girl*, will begin a week's engagement at the Princess Theater next Monday night. The cultured audiences of the English capital and the American metropolis were more than pleased with *The School Girl*, and in each city record runs were established. There are three picturesque scenes in the production, and the claim is made that there is not a dull moment in any of them. The story is that of a convent girl who runs away to Paris to find the artist sweetheart of her chum. She is mistaken for a newly-engaged typist in the office of a rascally stock broker; she, however, upsets his swindling operations, brings about a happy marriage of her chum, and incidentally works up a pretty love affair of her own. The role is especially adapted to pretty Miss Carrie Reynolds, who in her convent school dress in the first scene is demurely charming, and in her creation of laces and ribbons in the bal-ron scene is still more fascinating. The comedy of the production is well taken care of by Messrs. Arthur Woolley, Robert Whyte, Jr., and Barry Maxwell. This trio sing a song entitled *I Want to be Simpler*, which has proven one of the most irresistibly funny situations ever presented. Throughout the production the same care and attention to details that characterized the London and New York presentations will be observed, and the Princess patrons will witness one of the most pleasing entertainments of the season. The sale of seats began Thursday.

Miss Maud Proctor, sister of Catherine Proctor of Toronto, has been engaged for *The Roscians* comic opera company.

"Was Binks arrested for running off with Jinks's wife?"
"No, his family proved that he was a kleptomaniac."



Miss Carrie Reynolds and male chorus in *The School Girl* at the Princess Theater next week.

On Philistinism.

PHILISTINISM is a very interesting study, as many Toronto people may have discovered while rusticated during the past two months. A country hotel, for instance, is a good point of observation. Of course it is well not to be too fastidious while enjoying the hospitality of some country hotels. The wise tourist will not seek comfort in resignation and—thinking of the occasional fly in the milk—head off his *Notes on My Vacation* with "To the pure all things are pure." He will be philosophical and write on the fly-leaf of his diary, "To the interested all things are interesting." There are unlimited opportunities for amusing speculation in watching those who come and go. By observing the habits of people who visit the dining-room of a country hotel one can cultivate very fine powers of discrimination. For example, it is interesting to speculate as to whether the man wearing the rubber collar and the over-confident air will juggle his food into his mouth with his knife or not. Of course this would seem to be a foregone conclusion, but he may not do it at all. He may merely devour his "wittles" with a remarkable left-handed frenzy. Or he may have a constitutional weakness for upsetting his tea over the cloth in your neighborhood and then maintaining such a wooden, inscrutable cast of countenance when the waiter reappears that you flush painfully and leave the table without finishing your dessert. But while people of this interesting type exhibit many individual eccentricities they are, after all, very much alike. A man may persist in talking to you in a very loud voice when you have done nothing to deserve his attention. Another may not deign to give any reply whatever to your politest query. Yet, depend upon it, they each regard the amenities of life with the same fine contempt. The man who is rich and the man who is poor can meet on common ground in classing what are termed good taste and the finer feelings as mere pose and pretense. This is the true world over.

The point to be noted as a result of these observations is that the disciples of culture cannot claim a monopoly of cosmopolitanism. The Philistines seem to be equally consistent in the essentials of their creed wherever man is found.

H. W. J.

To Thine Own Self.

"MY DEAR, you are too reserved and blunt," Buddway looked at his wife soberly.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I'm myself."

"That's the trouble, you are too much so. You don't put yourself out enough for others. You are too cold. It is hurting you. Look at Mr. Caperton—how popular he is."

"Nonsense. My friends understand me. They know that I am not a palaverer. I have as many friends as he."

"That's all right, but you will find that it would make a great difference if you would only use a little more politeness. Flatter people a little. Try to be nice to them. They like it."

Buddway reflected.

"Do you really think there is anything in it?" he asked.

"I don't think. I know. Do me a favor. Just try it and see."

"Well—perhaps I will."

Buddway started out. Maybe, after all, his wife was right. He didn't gush enough. He thought about his friend Caperton. Caperton certainly knew how to do that sort of thing. Buddway envied him.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself. "I can and I will!"

Suddenly he looked up and saw Stinson ahead of him.

Stinson was a business acquaintance. He was about to pass, with a slight nod of recognition, when Buddway grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Delighted!" he cried. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. How's the wife—and family—and self? How well you are looking. But you always were handsome."

Stinson gaped at him in astonishment. Had the reserved, rather distant chap whom everybody respected, and whom he had always wanted to get better acquainted with, suddenly gone crazy?

"Glad you think so," he half stammered, and, excusing himself, hurried on.

Buddway entered his office.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones," he said to his chief clerk, cordially, with a bright smile. "How are you this morning? Always up bright and early. Don't overwork yourself. We must give you a little rest."

Jones caught his breath and opened his eyes in wonder. Buddway usually came in silently, walked to his desk, opened his mail, and gave his instructions in as many monosyllables as possible.

Jones escaped with the news as soon as he could and spread it around the office.

"The old man must have gone crazy," he whispered. "He fell all over himself. Been working too hard, I guess."

At eleven o'clock it became necessary to visit the bank. Buddway, after some delay, entered the office of the president. That individual looked up, and, seeing who it was, nodded briefly. Buddway, however, wasn't going to permit anything like that. Grasping the staid old gentleman firmly by the hand, he leaned over him with a large and expansive smile.

"My dear Mr. Burnside, how are you this fine day? Delighted to find you in. Do you know you grow younger every day. I should hate to put on the gloves with you."

The bank president looked him over suspiciously.

"I'm pretty well," he said dryly. "What can I do for you?"

Buddway explained in honeyed accents that he wanted an extension of a note. Burnside told him he would let him know later. After he had gone, the venerable bank president called in the loan clerk.

"Buddway wants an extension of that note, but notify him at once that he can't have it."

"Very well, sir, but—"

"Well?"

"He's a good customer. He is all right. Plenty of collateral."

The bank president smiled grimly.

"I know it," he said. "I've always liked that chap. Honest and straightforward—no frills. But he came in here this morning and fell all over me. Must be something wrong. Better call that loan at once. He's too d—d polite."

When Buddway came home that evening his wife met him at the door. She looked at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Certainly, why not? Why shouldn't I be?"

"Why, I just got a telephone message from Mrs. Stinson. She said her husband had met you to-day, and you didn't seem well."

"Didn't seem well! Ha, ha! His little joke; always trying to make it pleasant for his friends. Ah, my dear, how charming you are looking. More beautiful than ever."

Mrs. Buddway started back. Never before had she heard him talk like this. But she easily refrained from saying anything. After all, it was her suggestion.

The dinner was eaten with a running fire of compliment and flattery by Buddway. His poor wife, in the unnatural position she had been found, felt the strain keenly.

Finally, just as Buddway with a melodramatic wave of his arms had asked her if she had the slightest objection to his smoking, the bell rang.

Mr. Caperton was announced.

Buddway sprang forward to meet him. Mrs. Buddway escaped.

"My dear boy, delighted!" exclaimed Buddway. "How good of you to drop in. Just the man I wanted to see. How well you are looking, you handsome dog!"

Caperton drew back in astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Old man, what's gotten into you? What is it? Any trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, no. What can you mean? Don't you like my manners?"

Caperton held him at arm's length.

"No," he said at last. "I don't. Where did you get them from?"

"From you. Wife put me on. Told me you were the most polite man she knew and I was the most taciturn. Advised me to turn over a new leaf, and I've done it."

Caperton's face grew solemn.

"You've done it all right," he said. "That's what I called to see you about. Met Stinson—he said he knew you must be concealing some trouble. Saw old Burnside at the bank and he asked me if you'd met with reverses. Hello, what's that?"

Buddway listened intently. A chair was working violently overhead as if some one was in distress. He sprang up the stairs. His wife was rocking back and forth—in tears.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Don't! Don't! Please don't," she sobbed. "Never try to be polite again. Just be yourself. You were right. Oh, it was awful!"

Buddway put his arms around her sturdily.

"N' ver again!" he exclaimed. "Come, come, stop crying, I must go back."

He left her and rejoined his friend.

"Caperton," he said solemnly, "for heaven's sake, what's the matter? Here I have been trying all day long to be as polite as you are, and what's the result? Friends all think I'm crazy and wife in tears. How the devil do you account for it?"

And Caperton smiled feelingly as he replied:

"My dear boy, do you know what my wife said to me the other day?"

"No; what?"

"She said: 'My dear, I'd give anything if you had the dignity and dep h of Mr. Buddway.'"

Don't Kick—Work.

Don't kick for bigger boots
Until your own are bustin';
Don't kick for bigger work
When your tools are rustin'.

Go ahead, and never mind
Your more successful brother;
Don't drink of one cup
With your eyes on another.

—H. W. J.

Her Mistress Agreed.

Bernice had been a very good girl, and when her mistress learned that she had never yet paid a visit to a theater she presented her with a ticket for the performance of a lurid melodrama.

"Well," she queried next day, "and how did you enjoy the play?"

"Oh, mum," said the girl ecstatically, "it was simply splendid! Oh, mum, I do just wish you'd been there! You would 'ave enjoyed yourself to 'ear the way the servant-girl sauced her missus! Oh, it was grand!"



RURAL WIT.

Cyclist—Will this road take me to Portsmouth?
Yokel—Noa, master. Yell 'ave to git there all by yerself.

Why the Bright Students Do Not Always Succeed.

DR. WARREN, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, has published some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Asquith, with whom he was a contemporary at the university. Mr. Asquith is a lawyer who is one of the ablest men in English public life. In the next Liberal Government he is almost sure to be Lord Chancellor, or Home Secretary, or Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he lives ten years, and he is now only 55, he will secure a very respectable place in English history. Dr. Warren enumerates the students who were the intellectuals at Balliol College in his own and Asquith's time, and the list includes Lord Milner, H. W. Paul, and a number of others who have attained eminence; but the majority of them have never come out of obscurity. Dr. Warren mentions one undergraduate whose speeches in the Oxford Union, the famous debating society that has trained so many statesmen, were far cleverer than Mr. Asquith's, and who was distinguished equally with Mr. Asquith for general scholarship. Moreover, this undergraduate had wit and humor, which are not very marked in Mr. Asquith. It was predicted, Dr. Warren says, that the undergraduate referred to would be another Disraeli, yet he has never become anything more than assistant master at a public school, while Mr. Asquith has mounted to high place and achieved a great career.

Every man that has been out of college thirty years could tell a similar story of his classmates. A boy who was a leader of his mates at school is more likely to succeed in life than the duller boys, but in any particular case there is no foretelling. Two boys of equal ability and birth, neither favored over the other by circumstances, start out at the same time to make careers. One rises a little way and stops; the other soars like a lark. The explanation lies deep in the characters of the competitors. School life does not bring out character so much as it does mentality of the academic kind, but character is the main factor of a man's success or failure. The men who fail are weak in character. They are afraid of taking hazards, or too modest to assert themselves, or not aggressively selfish, or too easily contented, or lazy, or defective in some other respect. Brains count for less in the struggle than what we call force of character.

Moreover, it must be borne in mind that people differ in their ideas of what constitutes success. Only a small portion go in for political honors, yet these are usually esteemed the highest and noblest. The assistant master may prefer a secure berth and ample leisure for reading to the glory of leading the House of Commons. Some may take their pleasure in making money quietly, while others set their caps for political office. Who has the right to assert that the assistant master has not succeeded as well as Mr. Asquith? Surely not a philosopher who believes that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.



NEEDED THEM IN HIS BUSINESS.

Miss Gotrox—Nearly all my admirers think I should be able to get tips from you on the market.
Gotrox—Encourage them in that belief, my dear. It won't be long before I'll be ready to unload the stock I'm carrying.

Cockney Chris.

The Adventures of Cockney Christopher, the Second Discoverer of America, as revealed by himself in a series of letters to his friends in England.

No 4.

TAMARACK, 3rd Concession, 4th line.
Events come thick and fawst (there I goes agine—science this time, if you please, not po'try. I just turns a tap like and somethin' comes pourin' out of my 'ead—po'try twice and now science. It'll be religion next, mark my words. Now 'ow do you accahnt for it, old fellow? It comes of thinkin' too 'ard, that's my hopinion.) Toront, as I 'ad s'ch 'opes of, is no good. It's the matter of a cigarette as stands between us. And now 'ere I am landed in a lonely spot throwin' away of myself on a lot of bloomin' hagrul-turists. My clothes is all gone, my best tile-coat and white wes'cut, my bowler 'at and my spats and shiny leather boots. Likewise my watch and chine is also disappeared. "And wot's become of them?" you nat'rally arsts. And I answers, "Wy, a chap's got to live, and it's in grub they went—that and a pair of overalls and 'eavy, thick boots as is a pine to lift, and a straw 'at as is a sin to wear." The picter of misery, that's the honly nime as I've got for myself now. But I'll tell you 'ow the 'ole thing 'appened.

You remember I towld you in my lawst, old fellow, 'ow I bought a box of the best cigarettes. Twenty-five cents I give for them, and not a bit too much thinks I to myself. If I gets a boss wot knows a good smowke when 'e smells it, wy, it's a good smowke 'e'll smell so far as yours truly is concerned. 'Ealthy sign I calls it when a boss understands a decent fag. Looks as if 'e knew a thing or two. The very next mornin' a chap I met put me on to another job. "First-cass boss," sez 'e, "treats you well, pays you well; but it's a good man he wants, you understand me." Of course I hunderstands you," sez I, "and if it's a good man 'e wants, it's a good man 'I'll get, you can stike on that." So I does myself up, lights one of the fags, and steps rahnd to the address given. Openin' the door I blows in a claid of the smowke just to let them know wot to expect, steps strite up to the manidger, 'olds the fag right under 'is nose where 'e could get a good sniff of it, and pitches my tile: "Shippin' job—wot chawnces?" and so on. 'Eelp me, old bird, 'e gives a kind of a sniff or two and a sneeze. "Chawnces!" 'e hejactulate, sneezin' twice more. "And do you drink as well, young man?" 'e arsts when 'e was able to talk. "Wy," sez I, quite pleasant, "I tikes my pot of 'arf-and-'arf, but never to get wot you might call boozed." "I'd sooner see an employee of mine boozed as you might call it, sir, than with one of those vile things in his mouth. I have no use for cigarette fi-nds. No, sir, none whatever." And with that 'e showed me to the door.

Bert, old boy, I went aht dazed, in a dream you might say. I goes aht and wanders abaht, and, I tell you strite, old cuss, the bird of Melancholy was settin' flop upon my chest.



The bird of Melancholy was settin' on my chest.

I chews 'ard upon the 'ole bloomin' thing. "Wot's the good of hanythin'?" sez I to myself, like Chevalier, "wot! wy, nuthin'! 'Ere I've been tryin' to please every one all ra'nd, and 'ow do I stand? Wy, without a friend. Blimey," sez I, "in future it'll be just myself I'll please." And just as I got so far who should come rahnd the corner but the very chap as put me on to the job. "Hello, partner," sez 'e, "and how did you make out?" If it's 'ow I got on you means," I answers, "wy I tells you strite it was in the worst possible." And I set to and told 'im the 'ole story sime as I've pitched it to you. Well, you should just 'ave seen 'im larf, Bert, old cucker, I tell you I thougt I'd 'ave to run a 'oop rahnd 'in to keep 'im from bustin' of 'is sides. "Larf 'earty!" at last I sez to 'im, gettin' a bit rid. "Beg your pardon," 'e replies, "but I couldn't help it. I tell you, if you'd walked in and said, 'Look here, boss, I think you're a blamed old fool, and I wouln't work for you for a five-spot a day,' you couldn't have done worse for yourself." Seems that cigarette smowkers isn't appreciated over 'ere. They wants to leave a man no pleasures, do the big men out 'ere—that's their haim. Besides, is there reason in it, Bert, old man? I leaves it to you. Is there? But when it's a question between me and my smowke, I sticks to my smowke every time, and you can say your lawst penny on that.

But I couldn't get a job nohow. To tell you the 'ardy truth, old pal, at lawst I found myself dahn and aht—as they say over 'ere—without a bob to my nime. Pawn and pawn that's wot I 'ad to do, and I was walkin' abaht pretty 'ard up when I comes across an old man settin' on a bench—sort of



A sort of an old philosopher

a philosopher I should think from the looks of 'im. 'E passes the time of dye, and I does likewise. "And 'ow long 'ave you been in the country?" 'e arsts. Now that's a question wot is arst me once every day when I'm not arst twice or more, and it fair gets on my nerves. But I replies quite polit, "Oh, a matter of a few dyes." "And 'ow do you like the country?" I knew that was comin', because it halways does come on top of the other, so I 'ad my hanswer ready. "In the worst possible." "Oh," sez 'e, not a bit taken aback, "perhaps that's because you don't handle the country properly. City-bred now. I can see you are. Have you tried farming?" "No," I replies, "and I don't mean to." But 'e got torkin' 'abaht things in general, and 'ow there was land wytin' for them as would like it, and 'ow it was only the bums (by which 'e meant cadgers) as loafed abaht in the tahnus when there was no work there, and 'ow the best men was wanted on the fawns; and I tell you, Bert, old fellow, 'e got me that wound up that at last I tikes off my 'at, and dashes it to the grahnd, and shikes 'im by the 'and, and, "Ere goes," I shouts, "for a bout-and-bout 'omesteader. When you're in Rowme do as the Rowmans do; and it's no use torkin', old chap, but I believe that's the honly way. And that's 'ow I'm out 'ere in this lonely, des'late spot. It's



"Did she get the man she wanted?"
"Oh, no! She is most happily married."

pretty 'ard on a man as 'as bin used to better things—no music-'alls, no pubs, no nothin' but hoats and straw and grine and pigs, but wot is, is, as you know yourself, old boy. Good-bye. I writes with a full 'eart.

Your pal,

CHRIS.

Fidelity.

I lift my hat in the darkness
As I pass the gateway through.
And breathe a good-night blessing.
My little one, to you.

May secret vassalage ever
The worth of my passion prove,
Though a deeper darkness falling
The lure of your eyes remove.

Oh, in life's dreariest night-time,
May a love more rich and deep
Than I have told live for you
When, trusting, dear, you sleep.

—H. W. J.

The Sin of Unselfishness.

WE do not hear of sin or crime in these days of heredity, subconsciousness and hypnotic influence. But there is no better word than the old-fashioned monosyllable to describe a quality that is deadly both to its possessor and to those upon whom it is exercised. Unselfishness and self-sacrifice have been praised and exalted until they have been regarded as most desirable features in the character of the other man. Few have desired to walk in that way, but many have longed for their associates to choose that path and remove all briars from the way of the unsaintly. Ruskin, who had a disturbing fashion of pulling down idols and making dust of their clay feet in the market-place, boldly declared that self-sacrifice was not to be commended, and that pain for its own sake was nothing to be extolled.

The idea that there is some magic virtue in suffering has perished with other medievalisms. Sweet may be some uses of adversity, but the ways of appendicitis and lumbago are not those of peace. There is no suffering more thoroughly agonizing than a toothache raised to the Nth power. But who would assert and loudly maintain that there is spiritual purification in an aching molar or a jumping wisdom tooth? Wherever it is possible to avoid suffering without becoming ignoble we gladly choose the chloroform route to serenity.

Of course, woman was generously awarded the palm for unselfishness, and man was perfectly willing that she should exercise this admirable quality to the end that he might be easy and comfortable. The most finished example of this sort of thing is *Patience Griselda*, whom Chaucer has made immortal. She served for centuries as the model of wifely submission and meekness, and even yet men have the temerity to point to her as a "noble ornament" to her sex. But what did this ancient dame suffer? She took meekly the abuse of her husband, who deprived her of her children and finally put another in her place, and then she went uncomplainingly into exile. When she was restored, she was properly grateful for

the honor. Now what sort of woman is that as an ideal for any age? She was entirely without self-respect, which is a quality essential to greatness. She is to be pitied, perhaps despised, but certainly not admired. In fact, no modern woman ever read the "Clerke's" story of this lady without a desire to shake the patient *Griselda* into something resembling a vertebrate condition.

In nearly every family there is one member who is guilty to a dangerous degree of the practice of unselfishness. Frequently the mother is the transgressor and the result is that her children are a terror to the neighborhood and a nuisance to themselves. She goes like a dowdy in order that the small girl may be gaudily over-dressed and that the small boy may have the finest footwear. She allows them to monopolize the conversation at the table so that their fine young spirits may not be cruelly suppressed, and they grow up and call her a back number. Poets of the rural or garden variety have waxed pathetic over the toil-worn hands of the unselfish parent. If the said mother had spent a little of the money squandered on useless things for her unappreciative offspring on a manicure set for herself, her hands would have been more pleasant to look upon and her children would be less undesirable citizens. Strange to say, the British matron is not so likely to make a recklessly unselfish mother as is her American sister. In the United States and Canada the unmannerliness of the rising generation, so often deplored by foreign censors, may be directly traced to the unthinking self-sacrifice of their elders. Self-development is what the world needs, not the annihilation of what should be strength and joy. Wherefore we should, all of us, pray to be delivered from the sin of unselfishness.

CANADIENNE.

The Murmurs of Chadband.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am writing this in grief and tribulation to regretfully inform you that I am retiring from the business of reproving sinners. There are so many of them that I find myself unable to take on the job single-handed, especially as so large a proportion of them, in their hopeless wickedness, want to make a fight about it. It shocks me very much to find that even responsible people are in league with the offenders. At my new boarding-house I began to address the company at dinner the other evening, when our hostess asked me peremptorily to dry up. She told me afterwards that I should be driving her customers away if I talked to them in that manner; and when I replied that it shocked me to find her placing the prospect of worldly profit before moral reform, she asked me to pack up my trunk and clear out. Oh, my brother, I am despairing of my race in these dark days. It is true that I should not let any come into my business-house and talk to my customers in that way; but then I am a good and worthy man, and the people who deal with me cannot fail to derive moral benefit in addition to exceptional business bargains. By the way, I am now selling a large consignment of flannel underwear at an enormous reduction, and as it is only right that the good should prosper, I should like to inform your readers that my business premises are situated at—(We must respectfully refer our "brother" to the advertising columns of this journal.—Ed.)

It is not only the set-back I have received from our insolent hostess (we used to call them landladies in my young

days), that compels me to retire from the business of trying to inculcate moral reforms. I must tell you that yesterday evening I went for a walk on the pier with the view of discovering fresh cases of iniquity, and, to my horror, I came upon a young man and woman positively squeezing each other's hands. Acting under a strong sense of duty, I at once approached them, and, speaking to them sternly, I told them I could not allow that sort of thing. I expected them to burst into tears of contrition at my just reproof, but to my surprise the young man abruptly asked me what the deuce it had got to do with me. I do not know what mysterious power it is that always makes us feel more righteous than our neighbors, and entitled to reprimand them for their sins; but I am satisfied, myself, that the conviction of my superior goodness must be well founded or it would not be there. Consequently, it was very painful to me to hear my decision disputed by a mere youth who was no better than anybody else. I told him that if I had control of the pier arrangements I should order such people as himself away at once. By that time a small crowd of people had collected; and to such a depth of sin have my fellow creatures sunk that somebody actually suggested that I ought to be lynched. It is characteristic of our topsy-turvy times that it should have been myself—the only worthy person there—that was selected for this violent treatment. I at once said I should leave the place, and shake the dust of it from off my feet. Then some degraded sinner behind me suddenly knocked my hat down over my eyes, while other wicked people began to punch me with their fists. I cried for the police, but, as usual, there was no answer to my appeal, even the representatives of law and order in this deplorable age being in league with the sinners. I was hustled along the pier and finally kicked out in the road, where with some difficulty I was able to separate my hat from my face, and to look with tear-dimmed eyes on the light again. A crowd of ruffianly boys followed me even to my lodgings.

My brother, I have been in bed ever since suffering from shock and punches in the back. And in the leisure afforded me by my unwellcome confinement, I have been thinking over this great problem of the sinfulness of other people. Do you know, my brother, it has actually occurred to me that I may have been mistaken in my judgment. It is true that I have never kissed a girl in my life; but then I have never had the temptation to do so, as it is not a form of relaxation that appeals to me. Is it possible that those who succumb to such a temptation are proportionately free from other sins such as money-grubbing and usury? I have thought that perhaps after all we good men are not so good as we have hitherto believed. We merely rebuke in others offences which we have no capacity for committing ourselves; while we resent indignantly the suggestion that our sins are sins at all. I think I shall give up the preaching business, my brother, and spend some time in silent observation around me instead. In the meanwhile I am free to express my profound astonishment that any section of the public should permit another section, composed of entirely the same clay, to preach to it and exhort it with impudent insistence. When I think of these things I can only wonder that those young men on the pier let me off so lightly. I have so far found grace by my meditation that it seems to me I deserved what I got.

Yours, on the retired list,

A. CHADBAND.



Elderly Masher—What a beautiful complexion you have, little girl! Just like my mamma's.
Little Girl—Yes; only mine doesn't rub off.

Some Intercepted Letters.

MY DEAR FLEMING,—

If you people don't get busy and extend that line up Avenue road we'll stop the whole procession and the overworked employees will find life one grand, sweet song. The City Engineer has been properly mad for some time and you'll find that this is no airy bluff like the Yonge street bridge. You can't afford to go without your pay, and neither can Senator Cox and the other mis-Directors. I hate to think of your having breakfast food without cream, but really, my dear Fleming, since we have chewed the rag in vain, we now intend to carry the injunction to the bitter end unless you will convey our citizens to a proper jumping-off place.

URQUHART.

MY DEAR DR. ORR,—

Your noble action in objecting to pay for the champagne consumed by the officers of the British navy evokes the heartfelt thanks of every Canadian mother. Perish the thought that in Toronto the Good the use of such fatal beverages should be approved by the manager of the Great and Only Show. I am sure that this magnificent protest of yours will echo down the corridors of time long after the bones of the Exhibition Directors have mingled with the sacred mud of their native city. George Washington and William Tell and Florence Nightingale are mere tinsel in comparison with your shining virtues. Long will it be told that you took a noble stand against the use of fizzy stuff by the officers of the "King's Navee." I shall drink your health in pure, sparkling Peruna at our next convention, and with best wishes, dear sir, believe me,

Teetotally yours,

W. C. T. U.

MY OWN THEODORE,—

Stroke the dove of peace for me. I am pleased to know that war is called off, although, dear boy, there is not that high Morocco finish to the European situation that I should like to see. The Anglo-French entente is something I find difficult to digest, for these dishes with foreign names are displeasing to my palate. Honest old Milwaukee beer and the pie that made New Hampshire famous are good enough for me. I trust that Miss Alice is enjoying herself in the Far East and will form no entangling foreign alliance. Count on me always to assist you in preserving peace, if it takes my last regiment to impress upon the Orient the blessings of our civilization. I rejoice to know that you are now basking in the rays of that lime-light beneath which I love to roam. You will soon get used to it and find that it is none too strong for your eyes.

Fraternally yours,

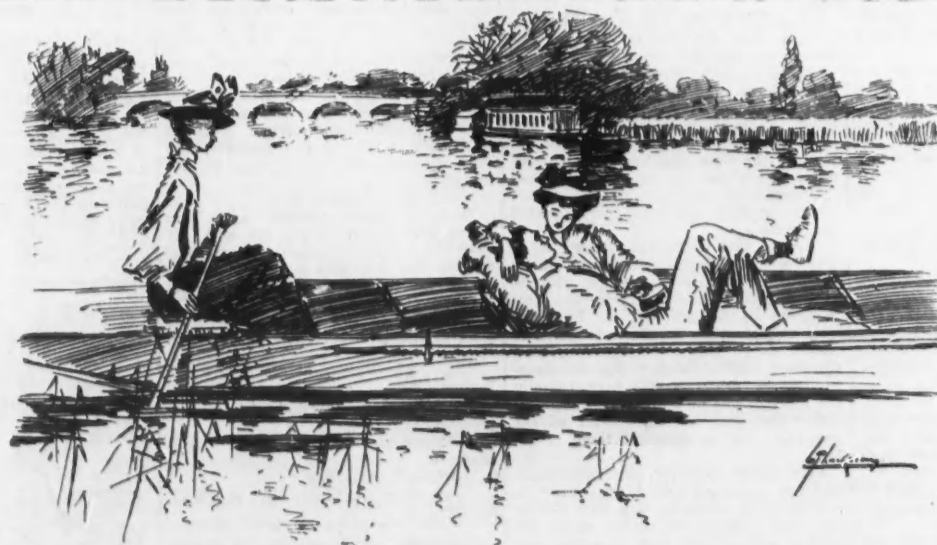
WILHELM.

PROFESSOR MAYOR,—

Sir,—You will kindly consider yourself no acquaintance of ours for many harvest moons to come. That we are the granary of the Empire was acknowledged when the Canada arch was erected in old Linnon. To say that we need to grow a little more and have a million or so population before we can sell England all the wheat she needs is a base libel on our glad young country and the new provinces which have just been blessed by Sir Wilfrid and Sir Gilbert. Ere the golden promise of another decade has set, the University of Saskatchewan will possess a professor of political economy who will make the present occupant of that chair in Toronto look like three dimes. In the words of the immortal Dickens, "We must be cracked up. Our backs is easy riz."

Yours in wrath,

THE LANNATE WEST.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

A Mediterranean Grip.

THE steamship *Aldeboran* was lying at the West India Docks, whence she was about to start on a six weeks' cruise in the Mediterranean. The special train from London, bringing the miscellaneous collection of passengers, had just come in, and the tender was busily puffing to and fro carrying them and their luggage on board.

It is notorious that people, taken in a crowd like this, always seem to look their very worst; and yet even so an unprejudiced observer would have felt bound to confess that, on the whole, those who scrambled up the companion-ladder on to the deck of the ship were a fairly nice-looking and well-turned-out lot. There was one young man who noticed with distinct satisfaction that the ladies of the party reckoned among their number several who were not only young and pretty but also blessed with that indefinable air of smartness which indicates, if not good birth and breeding, at least a comfortable balance at the bankers'.

This young man was Mr. Montague Haffenden, who had made no secret among his friends at his club in Piccadilly that he was taking this trip, not so much with a view to enjoying the beauties of the Mediterranean, as in the hope of picking up a bride who would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to settle up his numerous debts and keep him in comfort for the rest of his natural life. He was always immaculately dressed, and his spick-and-span baggage was itself an unmistakable proof that he had paid (or owed) a very handsome sum for it.

As the young man watched with a critical eye the stream of people ascending the companion his attention was suddenly caught by a funny little figure panting under the burden of several large and unwieldy parcels, which rendered her ascent up the steps one of considerable danger and difficulty.

"By Jove! What a quaint little body!" said Haffenden to himself. "Coat and skirt bought cheap at a bargain sale; hat from the Seven Sisters road; and hair done in the style of the year 'mel. Somebody's governess, I suppose."

At this moment a man who was standing near him moved away in the direction of the line of new arrivals streaming on to the deck, and, approaching the girl whom Haffenden had been mentally quizzing, lifted his hat, and said, politely, "Excuse me, mayn't I help you with your gear?"

The dowdy little person looked up, and smiled brightly through her very unbecoming veil.

"Please don't bother," she said, softly. But she did not offer any very strenuous opposition when he quietly took possession of her various belongings, and inquired the number of her cabin.

Having steered her down to this, and deposited her various packages, he said, "And now I will leave you to your unpacking; but before I go perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself properly, as I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again later on."

He extracted a card from his pocket-book and handed it to her, and then, once more raising his hat, he made his way on deck again.

"Mr. Richard Grindlay, Paper Buildings, Temple," read the girl, as she closed the cabin door. "I thought he looked like a barrister, and rather a nice one, too!"

Meanwhile Mr. Grindlay returned to the upper deck wondering who the odd-looking girl he had just assisted could be.

At dinner that night, when all the ladies appeared in resplendent evening dresses and all the men were attired in correct evening dress, he had no difficulty in "spotting" the heroine of the parcels, who was still wearing her cheap coat and skirt, while her badly-done hair and an aggressive pair of glasses completed an effect which Mr. Haffenden contemptuously summed up as "hopelessly frumpish."

Dick Grindlay, however, who was very much less critical, felt strangely interested in this lonely little mortal, who had evidently never been to sea before; and after dinner he found her

a deck-chair and a rug, and made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit on deck.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Grindlay," she said, demurely. "And now I think that, in order to complete our introduction, I ought to tell you who I am. My name is Amy Jackson, and I am going out to Naples to be governess in an Italian family."

"Oh! you're only going as far as Naples!" said Grindlay. "Why, that means that you will only be on board about ten days, and will miss all the best part of the trip."

"Yes, I am afraid so," assented Miss Jackson. "But then, of course, a mere governess can't expect to have everything her own way, can she?"

Dick Grindlay "supposed not," and the conversation soon drifted into other channels, the dowdy little governess soon proving that, if she was a bad dresser, she was at any rate a good talker. And Grindlay, who had at first been polite to her merely out of pity for her loneliness, soon decided that he was not sacrificing himself so very much after all.

Mr. Haffenden, who passed them in the very latest thing in dress waists, seeking for the prettiest girl on board on whom to bestow the favor of his attentions, sniggered slightly as he muttered to himself, "So the nursemaid has found a congenial companion, has she? Well, I hope they are both enjoying themselves, that's all!"

There is apparently something in the air of the sea that brings out the inherent snobbishness of human nature. And Mr. Haffenden's views of the dowdy young lady were evidently shared by the majority of people on board, who persistently snubbed and ignored her; so that, if it had not been for Dick Grindlay, who genuinely enjoyed her society, she would scarcely have had anyone to speak to. As it was, however, she managed to have a very good time; and when the day drew near on which she was to land at Naples both she and Grindlay were sorry.

"I wish you were coming on with us to Constantinople and Cairo," he said, the day they were passing through the Straits of Bonifacio.

"Yes, so do I," she admitted, promptly; "but the stewardess tells me that, after Naples, my cabin is booked by a very grand young lady and her maid, so that my departure will be a clear gain to the ship."

"Oh, I hate grand young ladies!" said Grindlay. "There are plenty of them on board already; but I like a really sensible girl like you, to whom one can say whatever one likes without being afraid of giving offence."

The following day the *Aldeboran* arrived at Naples; and Mr. Grindlay went ashore with Miss Jackson and helped her to pass her baggage through the customs, and then, having said good-bye to her, he wandered off into the town to see the sights of Naples. The *Aldeboran* remained at Naples for two days so as to give the passengers a chance to ascend Vesuvius and visit Pompeii, and then she sailed for Athens, which was the next port of call.

Shortly before starting for Athens a shore-boat came off to the ship containing two very elegantly dressed ladies and an immense pile of baggage, which excited considerable interest among all the passengers of both sexes. The ladies of the party were full of curiosity as to the contents of the trunks, while the men were consumed with a desire to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a lady; for it very soon became apparent that one of the elegantly attired occupants of the shore-boat was merely the French maid in attendance upon the other lady, whose name, on the authority of the purser, was said to be Miss Marjorie Dorincourt.

Before Miss Dorincourt had been on board half an hour everyone was talking about her and her beautiful clothes, and by the time dinner was over that evening all the men were hopelessly in love with her, while all the other women were busy saying spiteful things about her. As it is generally admitted that to achieve this particular condition of things is the aim and ambition of every daughter of Eve, it is to be presumed that Miss Dorincourt was having a particularly good time; and she would no doubt have felt flattered beyond measure if she could have heard Mr. Montie Haffenden declare in the smoking-room that night that she was a "real ripper!"

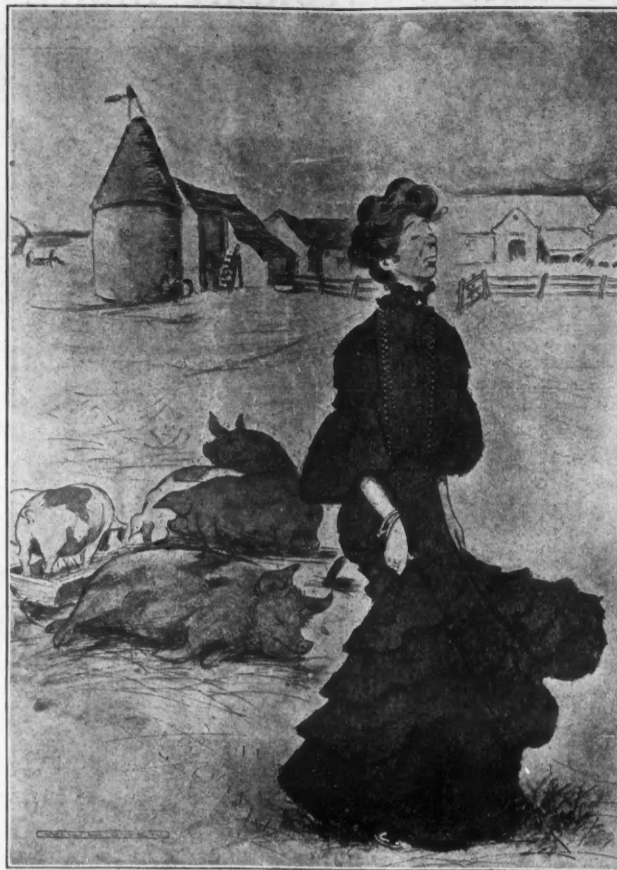
Long before Athens was reached Miss Dorincourt was admitted on all sides to be the belle of the *Aldeboran*, and every man on board, from the captain downwards, was acknowledged to be her abject slave. Of course the women declared that she was over-dressed, and that she made up, and that her figure owed nothing to nature and everything to art. But then, as Montie Haffenden ingeniously pointed out, "There wasn't a woman among the lot of them who would not have adopted the same means if she thought she would bring about the same result."

Which was no doubt true enough, though naturally they would not have been prepared to admit it.

In any case Mr. Haffenden had determined that Miss Dorincourt was an angel specially sent by Providence to replenish the depleted resources of the house of Haffenden, and at the same time to make him a lovely and stylish bride. And so he devoted himself assiduously to the task of winning her affections, and he was sufficiently sure of his own attractions to make certain that no woman could fail to find him irresistible.

Meanwhile, Dick Grindlay, deprived of the society of the little governess, found the time hang rather heavily on his hands, for so dashing a lady as Miss Dorincourt was not in his line at all, even if she would have condescended to take any notice of him, which he thought was extremely doubtful. Haffenden, on the other hand, was making the running very strong, and by the time they had reached Damascus people were beginning to get quite accustomed to seeing him trotting round in the character of Miss Dorincourt's slave.

Curiously enough, however, she did



Mrs. Townley (boarding at the farmhouse)—How disgusting! No wonder they call them pigs.

not seem exactly to have fallen a victim to his attractions, for she spent a good deal more of her time in snubbing him than in giving him any sort of encouragement. It was at Jerusalem that Dick Grindlay first obtained an introduction to the heiress, for such she had been ascertained to be.

Montie Haffenden neither knew nor cared anything about the sights of Jerusalem, and so, finding that he was worse than useless as a pilot, Miss Dorincourt turned to appeal to Grindlay, who happened to be standing near, and at once accepted his offer to escort her to the Mosque of Omar and the Temple Area.

For the next few days it was noticed that Mr. Haffenden's nose was rather put out of joint; while Grindlay, who had expected to find in Miss Dorincourt a mere society beauty, was surprised and delighted to discover that she was not only an extremely well-read woman, but also an excellent talker.

She even induced him to confide in her to the extent of telling her about the plain little governess who had occupied her cabin previous to their arrival at Naples.

"She sounds quite an interesting little person," said Miss Dorincourt; "but I suppose you only talked to her out of pity for her loneliness."

Dick Grindlay, for some unknown reason, found himself blushing, as he replied:

"Well, it certainly began like that. But, do you know, I very soon learnt to like her for her own sake."

Whereat Miss Dorincourt laughed. On the day that their time at Jerusalem came to an end they left in a special train for Jaffa, where they were to join the *Aldeboran* again. Now the harbor at Jaffa enjoys the distinction of being rated at Lloyds as the worst harbor in the world. And on this occasion the roughness of the sea made it a matter of considerable danger and difficulty to get off to the ship, which was lying nearly two miles out, in the big shore-boats manned by Arab boatmen.

But the difficulty of getting out to her was nothing compared to that of transferring the ladies of the party from the boats to the gangway of the ship; for the motion of the waves was such that the boats varied in height a matter of ten or twelve feet, compared with the apparently motionless gangway of the *Aldeboran*.

Dick Grindlay had gone in one of the earlier boats and had got safely on board, where he was leaning over the taffrail watching the exciting task of embarking the other passengers. When it came to Miss Dorincourt's turn the big Arab who was standing at the foot of the gangway tried to catch hold of her as he had done the others, but he somehow miscalculated the time, and she slid through his fingers into the sea.

Montie Haffenden, who was just behind her, peered anxiously over the side of the boat, hoping to be able to catch hold of her when she came to the surface.

Long before this happened, however, a figure had slid swiftly down a rope that was dangling over the side and, plunging in, had brought up the unconscious form of Miss Dorincourt.

Fortunately she had only really been under water a few seconds and was more frightened than anything else, so that by the time she had been carried down below to her cabin she opened her eyes, and was able to assure her bearers that she was none the worse for her wetting.

Finding that there was nothing more that he could do Grindlay went off to his own cabin in search of dry clothes, congratulating himself upon the termination of the episode, for he knew well enough that the real danger had lain not in either of them getting drowned, but in the fact that the dancing waves might easily have brought the head of one or both of them against either the boat or the bottom of the gangway, and so knocked them senseless.

Fortunately, however, this catastrophe had not occurred, and by the time he had finished changing into dry clothes and had gone up on deck again the anchor had already been weighed and

the *Aldeboran* was on her way to Alexandria.

Later in the afternoon Miss Dorincourt also appeared on deck looking a little pale, but otherwise none the worse for her ducking, except that her maid's skilful fingers had not been able entirely to obliterate the unbecoming traces of the salt water from her coiffure. Everybody came crowding round to offer their congratulations upon her escape from a watery grave, and foremost among them was Mr. Haffenden, who was painfully conscious, however, that he had missed a fine opportunity in not plunging into the foaming waves himself.

"I wonder if you would mind finding Mr. Grindlay and asking him to come and speak to me?" she said to Montie.

And he trotted off obediently, quashing his teeth, in search of his hated rival. Mr. Grindlay promptly appeared in answer to the summons, and was at some pains to explain that he had done nothing that required any thanks; assuring her that he had risked nothing whatever except the wetting of his clothes.

"It is not very complimentary of you to wish to make out that my life is of so little value that the act of saving it is of practically no importance!" she said, lightly.

"I am merely suggesting," he answered, in the same tone, "that your life was never really in danger at all. On the contrary, there were any number of people in the boat who would have had you out in no time, if I hadn't slid down that rope and got ahead of them!"

"Ah!" she said, thoughtfully, "Mr. Haffenden, for instance?"

"Yes," he assented; "why not?"

Marjorie said nothing for a moment and then, with a curious look at her rescuer, she said, with assumed carelessness, "By the way, Mr. Grindlay, did you notice anything curious about my appearance after you had got me out of the water?"

An odd smile came into Grindlay's eyes. "Yes, Miss Dorincourt," he said, slowly; "I did."

"Oh!" she said, and then fell to wondering whether he had really grasped her meaning. But another look at his face left her in no doubt on the subject.

"Then you have found out my secret?" she said at last.

"Yes," he admitted. "But not the motive of it."

"Oh! It was more a lark than anything else!" said Marjorie, laughing. "I think it was seeing Miss Tempest in *The Marriage of Kitty* that first put the idea into my head. Do you remember what an awful fright she makes herself look all in a minute simply by twisting up her hair into an unbecoming screw and making her skirts hang all wrong?"

"Yes," assented Grindlay, "I remember."

"Well, you see, I was a little 'fed up' on having fortune-hunters like Mr. Haffenden dangling round after me all day, and it occurred to me that it would be rather fun to spend the first ten days of the trip getting to know the passengers in the character of a dowdy governess. Do you see the idea?"

"Perfectly," said Grindlay. "And my disguise as Miss Jackson was so successful that not a soul on board recognized me when I came on at Naples in all my fine feathers, and with my hair done in its usual elaborate style."

"No," said Grindlay. "But, of course, to-day, when you fished me up out of the sea with my hair and toilette accessories all reduced to very first principles indeed, you could hardly fail to identify me as the dowdy little governess of the first ten days."

"I believe I like the dowdy little governess best," said Grindlay, with an effort.

"Why, for instance?" inquired Miss Dorincourt.

"Because I'm not afraid of her," explained Dick.

"But are you afraid of me?" asked Marjorie.

"Awfully!" said Dick.

"You really needn't be," she said, humbly.

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We make our Children's Clothing Department a leading feature of our store.

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Hudon, Hebert & Co.,

Agents - Montreal.

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thought it highly suitable when it was announced a few days later at Cairo that Mr. Grindlay and Miss Dorincourt were engaged. What they did not know, however, was that it was not so much his gallantry in rescuing her from a watery grave as the kindness he had shown to her in the character of a dowdy little governess that had really won her heart on that Mediterranean trip.

An Incident of the Road.

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "five dollars will fix it, I guess." Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

Algy Was Not Particular.

There was company at tea, and little Algernon felt that it was an occasion upon which he might assert himself. "Ma," he remarked, holding up his bread and butter in scorn, "can't I have some jam on this?" "What?" ejaculated his economical mamma; "jam on butter? No, indeed; certainly not!" "Oh, I don't care about it being on the butter," said Algy, calmly; "put it on the other side!"

Honest Toil.

"In the old days," says a well-known player, "when I was a member of a stock company in Chicago, we used nightly to gather in a bohemian resort near the theater. One night just after the show, a number of us were seated at a table near the entrance, when there entered to us a lean and hungry-looking chap, very thin and shabbily clad. Noticing his anxious gaze, one of the party immediately divined his purpose, and, anticipating the stranger, said: 'Sorry, old fellow, but as we our-

selves are playing in rather hard luck we have no money to give you for a meal and a night's lodging. We're nearly broke ourselves."

"At this the stranger smiled pleasantly. 'Permit me, gentlemen, to correct a misapprehension,' said he. 'I was not going to ask you for money; I merely wanted to know whether one of you would not lend me a sandbag so that I might go out and make a little.'"

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DON'T CONFUSE THE VACUUM with any compressed air or other system, as it is altogether ahead of all other cleaning or dust-removing system in the world; besides it is really by far the cheapest.

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GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director.
(Late Principal Upper Canada College.)

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Fifty acres of grounds. Separate infirmary with physician and trained nurse. Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for cultivation of sports and athletics.

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, September 16th, 1905. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.

For Calendar and all particulars address The Bursar, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

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OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold Correspondence diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West

HERBERT C. JAGUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.

J. S. BACE,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
152 Bloor St. E.

The Veering Weathercock of Popular Romance.

IF the romance, as a form of literature, is not dying out it is at least very sick, says Henry Davray in *La Revue* (Paris). He takes as his text the dictum of Jules Verne, who prophesied, shortly before his death, the approaching extinction of the modern novel. In criticizing this view the present writer says that a distinction must be made between the romance of manners and the romance of imagination. The romance of imagination can never die; the romance of manners is, however, both in France and England, finally approaching dissolution, he thinks. He explains his statement in the case of France as follows:

"For the last fifty years the romance of manners in France has been realistic; an attempt has been made in the novel to depict all human passions with the greatest possible truthfulness. To depict facts with fidelity is a noble purpose, and the romance of manners had the right to touch upon all realities as it did. Unfortunately in aiming after verisimilitude, it forgot the important fact, that realism, however exact it may be, is not always artistic. After affording examples of some masterpieces, the realistic romance, in order to maintain its ascendancy, has been compelled to fall back on pornography. Since then, that it might excite the worst appetite of the public, it has confined itself to the treatment of purely sexual topics—with all the revolting aberrations possible. Everything else—mutual sympathy between man and woman, intellectual tastes in common, affection, tenderness, the fervor of love, have been relegated to the class of things obsolete. If Jules Verne had confined himself to announcing the passing of this kind of romance, he would perhaps have been correct."

"If we watch what is going on in England, where the romance of manners is produced as largely as in France, we perceive that with our cousins, as with us, this particular brand of literature is sickening and withering, although the symptoms of the malady are different from those which are seen in France."

After premising that the romance of manners originated in England, and is for the English what conversation is for the French and music for the Germans, he continues:

"The Englishman is moulded by religion, politics, and business; his insular position and the exigencies of fierce commercial and industrial competition have developed in him a character positive and cautious. The natural man is entirely hidden under the icy mantle of the social individual. But this stiff attitude, this rigid dignity, this contemptuous solemnity which despises the tender promptings and self-surrender of the heart, this strict and pitiless integrity, this unbending and undeviating morality, is only a mask which conceals passionate sensibility, goodness, and boundless self-sacrifice."

Hence the English novelist looks on life from the outside without going into its depths; it is a *Punch and Judy* show to Dickens and Tackery, in contrast to Balzac, who wrote of love, for instance, as the prime motive of life. "When two human beings give themselves to each other, laws, conventions, obstacles—everything else but love is lost sight of" in the French romance.

Some English romance writers have actually written satires, he proceeds to say; they attack abuses of legislation, like Charles Reade; and deal half cynically with social problems like George Eliot. Mrs. Humphry Ward has dealt with religious controversy and more recently with the *new woman*. Mr. Henry James is a psychological novelist, and in this department has eclipsed Paul Bourget. But the romance is decadent generally. The novelist has become a "writer of fiction," "an industrial distillate of glory but covered with gold," like Hall Caine and the presumptuous Marie Corelli.

He continues with an account of the romance of imagination in England as follows: "The modern romance has seen its day. . . . Abroad, as in France, its sickness comes from the same cause. This cause may be simply stated. In all Europe the novel writers have lost the art of telling a story."

The romance of imagination, he asserts, still survives and shall survive: "All works that differ, however slightly, from the ordinary romance of manners are sure to achieve success. Witness the works of Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells. Both of these are wonderful story-tellers. Especially has the first, with his *Jungle Tales* and certain of his novels, entered a domain as yet unexplored in which he has shown unexpected originality. The second, a marvelous visionary of inexhaustible imagination, is led by his fancy into every corner of the universe, from the dawn to the twilight of time, without losing sight, however, of the actual present world."

As man is "fundamentally a lying animal," Kipling and Wells love to relate things non-existent, fabulous, chimerical and improbable, and have an aversion for all that is true, or resembles the truth, he continues. But he forbears to predict what form the new romance is to take, or to guess what fresh avatar awaits it.

Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* is to be published in 6d. parts. There will be fifteen of them and no abridgement.

Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Stories is the name of the latest book bearing the signature of Mr. Quiller-Couch. The volume consists of contributions to *The Graphic* and *The Illustrated London News* which have been collected and revised by their author.

My Friend the Chauffeur is Mr. A. M. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson's most recent contribution to automobile romance. It is said to be a worthy successor to *The Princess Passes*, the plot being ingenious and the incidents amusing and exciting. The scene is laid in the Riviera.

Bretano's announces that the publishing of G. Bernard Shaw's *Irrational Knot* has been delayed owing to the fact that Mr. Shaw decided while the book was in type to add a postscript to his preface. Lovely woman's weakness for addenda of this sort has been satirized so long that it is refreshing to find such a glaring example of the foible in masculine ranks.

If Mrs. Humphry Ward carries out her present plans she will visit the United States in December. Her books have been very popular over here, and society may be expected to assume its most becoming poses in her honor, for it is rumored that she intends to write a novel with American background, atmosphere and characters.

The announcement that a *Life of Charles Stewart Parnell* by his sister, Mrs. Dickenson, will be published shortly, has not been received with enthusiasm by the Nationalist party. It is said that they have refused to accept responsibility for the book because of its author's Tory sympathies; and as Mrs. Dickenson vouches for the truth of every word of her biography, the public may expect some interesting reading.

Mr. J. F. Muirhead has announced that he will be grateful for corrections or suggestions for the third edition of *Baedecker's Handbook to Canada* which he is now preparing. These may be sent him in care of Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bibliophiles are already turning long eyes towards the library of Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker, which is to be sold by auction at Philadelphia during the next few months. Among its treasures are an autograph diary kept by George Washington and the largest known collection of early Pennsylvania imprints including the *Saur Bible*, the first printed in America in any European language.

The new *Life of the Earl of Elgin* by Professor Wrong of the University of Toronto is one of a series. Methuen's *The Nation* says: "It is a full narrative of the whole of Lord Elgin's career. Mr. Wrong has some new matter in the shape of privately printed letters, and his preface suggests that fresh light has been recently thrown on the importance of Lord Elgin as the builder of colonial institutions and as the first British negotiator with Japan."

In proposing the health of Lord Rosebery at a recent dinner in Edinburgh, Mr. John Murray jestingly remarked that when he had leisure he hoped to write a book on "The Calamities of Publishers and Some Authors I have Known." The remark was taken seriously by no one present, but a United States journal gravely informs its readers that Mr. Murray is preparing a book on "The Calamities of Publishers and Some Authors I have Diagnosed."

Sophie Witte, sister of M. Sergius de Witte, writes in a letter from Russia to the *New York Evening Post*: "Maxim Gorky has recently published a new play in four acts, and two short stories. All of Gorky's works enjoy enormous popularity in Russia, but this story of *The Prison* has produced an altogether extraordinary impression upon the people, because it was written by the author in prison, and from personal knowledge of what he describes."



A GOOD TIP.

"Say, Jim, if yer want a good smoke always foller one uv dem long-nosed fellers. Dey frow away de biggest stumps."

BOOKS

His stay in prison has shattered his feeble health, which is not likely ever to be completely restored. He has grown very weak physically, yet he is working as hard as ever, and has just completed a new play of peasant life, entitled *Children of the Sun*. He has read the manuscript to his friends, who are unanimous in considering it the best work he has yet produced."

Where Do Our Poets Rank?

Roberts and the Influence of His Time. By James Cappon, M.A. William Briggs, Toronto. Price 50c.

CANADIAN readers will find much food for thought in the little volume by Professor Cappon of Queen's University, discussing the poetry of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Too often Canadian critics in dealing with our infant literature have shown a tendency to spare the rod and spoil the child. The mere fact that a book is Canadian appears to be sufficient, in certain quarters, to avert from it legitimate criticism. Of this amiable but short-sighted creed Mr. Cappon is not an exponent, for, as he says, "What we need is not a blare of trumpets and loud proclamations that 'Canada has a literature' or a 'Burns' or a 'Tennyson,' but a candid and reverent criticism that will show the true value of imaginative literature and the part it is playing, nobly or ignobly, for it can do both, in our general life."

Roberts and the Influence of His Time is a close, impartial and scholarly study of the work of this well-known Canadian poet. "For better or worst," says Professor Cappon, "the school of Keats was that in which Mr. Roberts received his training." But though his earlier poems are dominated by the neo-classical idealism of the English poet, his later work shows the influence of Wordsworth, Rossetti, Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning and Kipling, as Mr. Cappon proves by a number of citations. It is in this serving of many masters, this dallying between the austere simplicity of Wordsworth and the almost pagan sensuousness of Swinburne that the poet's weakness lies; for, as his interpreter points out, "the very variety of ethical tone in Roberts shows how much poetry is to him a matter of art, rather than the deep, essential distillation of his life, the concentrated essence of it from which everything secondary and derivative is excluded as values."

But Mr. Roberts "does not as a poet give us either a lively, vigorous presentation of life or a profound and critical interpretation of it," in the field of impressionistic nature poetry, "he has always the glance and the vision." Commenting on extracts from the sonnet sequence included in *Songs of the Common Day*, Mr. Cappon says, "If these passages were found in Wordsworth, the Duddon, they would be quoted by everyone as fine and subtle renderings of the moods of nature." "On the whole this sonnet sequence may be considered as the most important poetic work Mr. Roberts has so far produced. It represents in its highest form what is most original in him, that in which his experience is deeper than that of other men. It gives the fairest scope, too, for that impressionistic painting of nature in which he is a master."

In concluding his critique Mr. Cappon says: "Roberts, like some other of our contemporary writers, needs a sterner literary conscience and more respect for his public. His work belongs too much to the region of artistic experiment. His constant transformations, too, and the ethical heterogeneity of his work take away something of the impression of sincerity and depth which true poetry ought to give us, and which some, at least, of Mr. Roberts' poetry is capable of giving us."

"But it is much too soon to write *Finis* in an estimate of Mr. Roberts' work. He has the true singing quality; and the want of ethical centre and grasp, which has been his weakness hitherto, is one which the years may mend, perhaps more easily than anything else."

From this and other quotations it is apparent that Mr. Cappon knows what

he thinks and says it without hedging. His interpretation is sympathetic without being effusive, and candid without being dogmatic. Altogether the book is of such genuine interest and value, alike to the advanced student and to the casual reader of literary tastes, that it is to be hoped the publishers will carry out their proposal to make this the first of a series of studies in Canadian poetry.

Patriotism and Pedagogy.

Poems of the Love of Country. By J. E. Wetherell, B.A. Morang & Co., Limited. Price 75c. net.

If the Canadian pedagogue were a camel, his back would have been broken long ago. Almost every year some new duty is imposed upon him, and a decade hence, unless there is a reaction, we may expect the following advertisement:

"Teacher wanted for S.S. No. 5, Ruritania. None but the omniscient need apply. State salary."

According to the new regulations of the Education Department, patriotism is to be inculcated directly or indirectly by the teacher. As an instrument for the performance of this commendable but extremely delicate operation, Mr. J. E. Wetherell, B.A., has compiled *Poems of the Love of Country*. The collection, which is prefaced by a neat and suggestive introduction from the author, includes much of the finest and most stirring patriotic poetry in the English language and is supplemented by the national songs of many foreign countries. In the hands of a judicious teacher who will not make patriotism a penance, this book should foster the principles and inspire the enthusiasm which make for good citizenship.

A Poet Lore Brochure.

Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry. By May Tomlinson. The Poet Lore Company, publishers, Boston. Price 50c. net.

"By actual count," says Miss May Tomlinson, "among the whole number of Wordsworth's poems, there are scarcely thirty which have not some reference to sound or motion: sound or flow of waters, song or flight of bird, or the movement of clouds." In her brochure on this subject Miss Tomlinson has done little more than compile a series of quotations from Wordsworth, illustrative of this quality in his work. The brochure is in no sense a critique; it indicates carefully the extent to which Wordsworth used the phenomena of sound and motion in his poetry, but makes no attempt at a critical analysis of his style or methods.

L. M. M.

Chips.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?" demanded the large red-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting beside her. "I'd like to see him try to compulse me."

An M.P. was condemning an elderly millionaire who, having lost a lawsuit, had declared heatedly that the courts were unjust, and the entire Government rotten to the core. "He is not taking his defeat very gracefully, is he?" said the member. "He is like the old bachelor who, after a brief courtship, proposed to a widow. But the widow very positively and coldly declined his offer. 'I can never,' she said, 'be more than a sister to you.' The bachelor dropped her hand in a huff. 'Ah, madam, indeed you can,' he murmured in a strange voice. 'No, I cannot,' said she. 'But you have daughters,' said the bachelor. 'You may yet be my mother-in-law.'"

After a meeting of the parish council in a New England town, the chairman rose to sum up. "You keep us here," he said, "till ten o'clock at night, and then you cast the town drains in our teeth. You keep us here ploughing the sands, and then when all decent people are asleep you go into the public drains, causing unnecessary friction. It won't do—it's too barefaced to hold water."

A boy in a certain school had been late both morning and afternoon for three successive days. When asked the reason, he replied that he had taken time to eat all he wanted for breakfast and dinner. "You are more successful in getting food than knowledge, I fancy," said the teacher. "Yes," replied the boy, "for I feed myself and you teach me."

Freddy—Ma, what's the baby's name? Ma—The baby hasn't any name, Freddy. Then how did he know he belonged here?

Lulu's mother heard a great splashing in the bath-room, and upon investigating found her little daughter standing in the partially filled tub in a very befuddled condition. "Why, you see, mamma," she explained, "I've been trying to walk on the water, and it is no fool's job, let me tell you."

A she-goat, belonging to a Hindu of the Bazar quarter, Akrah, gave birth alive to a young one which has eleven legs, two bodies, two tails and one head. It is a freak of nature which has never yet been equalled.

Mrs. Raggles—Yes, and up in Lunnon we see a collection of stuffed animals as they said, was worth thousands of pounds. Mr. Jester—Lawd-a-mussey me! Whatever could they ha' bin stuffed with?

He—I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that pocket of yours? She—Precisely. It is a lock of my husband's hair. He—But your husband is still alive. She—Yes. But his hair is all gone.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that he has lost his voice." "Perhaps not," replied the plain man; "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it!"



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

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has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while tottering for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Anecdotal

An Irishman entered an old-clothes shop in New York and asked the Jew proprietor for a suit of clothes. The intending purchaser fitted on a coat and vest, and with these instantly disappeared while the Jew was searching for a pair of trousers to match. The Jew immediately started in pursuit, crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!" Then a policeman took up the chase, and fearing that the thief would elude him he drew his pistol, on seeing which the Jew cried, "Shoot him in de pants! Shoot him in de pants; de coat and vest am mine."

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was once dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen. Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey he said he had been favorably impressed by one of its laws: "All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed." The baron, with smiling sang-froid, immediately relieved the consternation of the other guests by the bland rejoinder, "How fortunate, Prince, that you and I do not live there."

Two Irishmen visited a well-known perambulating menagerie. After completing the circuit of the show they came to a slit in the canvas above which was a bill containing the legend, "Exit." "Begorra! Pat," said one of the twain, "here's a place we mustn't miss! I wonder what sort of a baste 'exit' is?" They followed the index finger on the bill, and to their wonder and astonishment next moment found themselves among the crowd outside. "Och, bedad," said Mick, shaking his fist at the man who barred his re-entrance, "ye're an ould swindler, ye are; had luck to ye and yer ould show."

A grand wedding was about to be solemnized. The usual crowd of people lined the pavement close up to the red carpet. In the wake of a long string of equipages of the most aristocratic kind came a disreputable four-wheeler with an old cabby looking very shabby. It stopped just in front of the red carpet. "Here, hi!" shouted the policeman on duty, "you can't stop here, we're expecting the bishop every moment." The cabman regarded the excited policeman with a leer, and as he got down from the box in leisurely fashion and threw a ragged cloth over his skeleton of a horse said, "It's all right, guv'nor, I've got the hold buffer inside."

A traveller in the mountain country of East Tennessee stopped one day at a cabin. In the shade of the house sat a comfortable-looking middle-aged man, apparently at leisure. A dozen dogs loomed about him. "Can I have dinner here?" asked the traveller. "I reckon so," drawled the man, "when the old woman turns up." The "old woman" came in after a while, leading a weary-looking mule and wiping perspiration from beneath her big sunbonnet. She got some wood, made a fire, fetched some water, and soon had dinner ready. "You have a fine country here," said the traveller, as they sat down to the meal. "Yes," said the woman, "it's about as fine as there is for men and dogs, but it's mighty hard on women and mules!"

A good story is told of the well-known German surgeon, Thiersch. A rich man came to him in Leipzig one day and asked him to recommend a clever specialist, adding that he did not mind how far he travelled or what expenses he incurred. Thiersch looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Well, if you like to travel, go to Berlin to Bergmann; or if that is not far enough, go to Munich and see Nussbaum; or if you want to go farther still, start for Vienna to Billroth. When you get to these men, they will ask you, 'Where do you come from?' and when you answer 'Leipzig,' they will say, 'You blockhead! Why don't you go to Thiersch?'"

While the Shah was inspecting the Persian pavilion at the Liege Exhibition recently, he remarked that the weather was oppressive, and added, "I am sleepy." And he wanted to sleep on the spot. The pavilion was respectfully evacuated, and the monarch stretched himself on a soft and slept at his ease. At the door a number of persons waiting were somewhat vexed at this Oriental *sans-gene*. In the afternoon there was a second visit to the Exhibition. "I am sleepy," repeated the Shah. Everyone went out, and the procedure of the morning was repeated. No one dared move for fear of waking the sleeping potentate; but the monarch's somnolence was voted somewhat inopportune by those present.

An elderly churchwarden in shaving himself one Sunday before church time made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quick, calling to his wife he asked her if she had any court plaster in the house. "You will find some in my sewing-basket," she said. The warden soon had the cut

covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed everyone smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed he asked a friend if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "Well, I should think there is," was the answer. "What is that on your nose?" "Court plaster." "No," said his friend, "it is the label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yd. long.'"

"The late General W. R. Hartshorne," said an old soldier, "had a host of stories always ready to be drawn on when an illustration or an instance was in demand. In his company one day I was in a sour mood. He asked me what the trouble was. I told him I had entertained a certain rich broker seven times at dinner, and he had responded with a sandwich and a glass of milk in a light lunch café. 'He was like the Scot from Peebles,' said General Hartshorne. 'This Scot, with his wife and four children, came from Peebles to London, and stayed three weeks at the house of a third cousin. During this visit the host showed himself a very prince of hospitality. He took the Scot's entire family to the Palace and Alhambra a half-dozen times. He gave them dinners at the Star and Garter at Richmond. He drove them in hansoms to the Tower, the Abbey, the National Gallery, and all the other sights. And on the last day, seeing them off, he took the Scot into a bar. 'One last drink together,' he said, taking out his purse. But the Scot refused him. 'Na, na,' he said. 'Nane o' that! Ye've been vera guid to me and mine durin' the last fortnight or mair, and ye have ta'en us everywhere and paid for everything. Na, na; we'll ha'e a toss for this last wee nipple!'"

The Beauteous, Landlocked, Salt Lakes of Japan.

By Guy Morrison Walker.

LIKE a crescent of jewels the salt lakes of the Inland Sea lie between the Japanese mainland and the tropical island of Shikoku. For 300 miles this wondrous strip of water flows through narrow passes and into beauteous, calm expanses, each in itself a miniature sea; along beaches at times so rocky as to afford no landing-place, but again smooth and sandy; beneath frowning cliffs covered with evergreen and before gloomy caverns said to be the ancient habitat of malignant dragons; past sentinel rocks and on around little islands that look like floating gardens, or lost mountain peaks.

Continuing as it does the grandeur of the Alpine lakes with the beauty of those of northern Italy, there is no more picturesque body of water on earth than this string of landlocked salt lakes along whose shores by slow migration crept the original tribes that have made up the Japanese people, and about which are clustered Japanese legend and history.

It is unfortunate in sailing from our Pacific Coast that we strike as our first ports Yokohama and Tokio, which are the two most modern cities of Japan, for to travel through the Inland Sea westward is to go backward over the course of Japan's civilization and progress, whereas if we could land at Nagasaki, one of the oldest cities of Japan, we could come eastward through the "seas within the straits," as the Japanese call them, following the footsteps of Japan's legendary heroes along their shores.

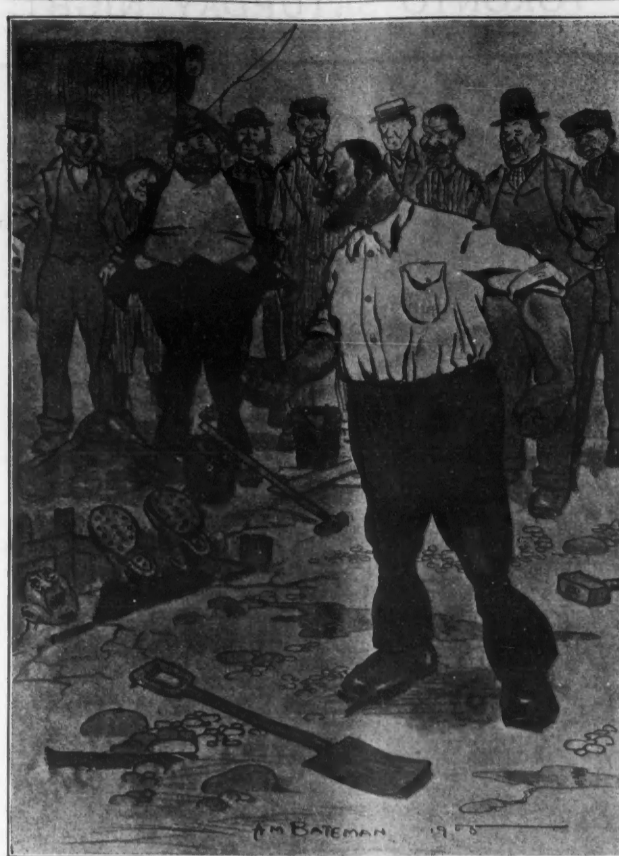
Leaving Yokohama we sail out through the Bay of Tokio, famous in Japanese legend as the scene of the heroic sacrifice of the Princess Tachibane, who, while crossing the bay with her husband who had so offended the sea god that their boat was about to be swamped in a storm, appeased the angry god by throwing her mat on the waves and stepping fearlessly upon it; whereupon the storm went down, and her husband was permitted to go on his conquering way.

It is a long day's sail skirting the south shores of the Japanese mainland to the entrance of the Inland Sea, where, turning north, the entrance is barred by the wild Island of Awaji. This island, a sort of Japanese Eden, is believed, by the Japanese, to be the first land ever formed, for it is related that when the gods appointed two of their number to form the earth, this pair, standing on the bridge of heaven, reached down into the sea with their heavenly spear and stirred up the brine. As they raised the spear, the first drops from its point formed this Island of Awaji. Stepping from the heavenly bridge to this first spot of dry land that showed above the sea, the divine pair continued their work of making the dry land on which now dwell the people of the earth.

At Awajima we enter the first of the landlocked lakes forming the Inland Sea, and soon come in sight of Osaka, formerly called "the Venice of the Orient" because of its many canals and waterways, but in recent times, because of its enormous growth as a manufacturing city, it has come to be known as the Chicago of Japan. Osaka is the port of Kyoto, which lies but a short distance inland up the river and which, for a thousand years, was the capital of the empire.

The region about here is the heart of old Japan. The scenes of the fabulous exploits of their mythical and legendary heroes are to be found on every hand. Near by is the city of Nara, which was the capital of the empire before Kyoto.

It is not surprising that this spot should have been the center of Japanese civilization, for all the varied and picturesque extremes of the empire are gathered into this region. The paddy-fields in the lowlands and swamps, the beautiful green valleys rising above them and radiating from the central valley up into the mountain ranges that circle around; its terraced hillsides outlined with irrigating ditches and dotted with gardens and tea-houses, the distant mountain peaks pale and opalescent, fading into the iridescent sky above; and the flowers and evergreens tell of a climate of perpetual spring. Just above Kyoto is Lake Biwa, the largest



Burly Navy (to the little man who has attempted to grapple with him)—Nah, then. A little less er yer joo-jitsoo. D'yeat?—The Sketch.

of Japanese fresh water lakes, famous for its beauty. Across the narrow sea, an hour's ride from Osaka, is Kobe, one of the largest and most important of the Japanese ports.

Passing west from Kobe along the shore through narrow straits between Awajima and the mainland we enter a second sea, the most completely landlocked of all those making up the Inland Sea. The quaint Japanese junk with their strip sails fit like phantom boats over the surface of the water that is scarcely broken by a ripple. It was across this sea dotted, then as now, with fantastic fishing boats, that the early Japanese argonauts sailed.

At its western outlet we sail through a maze of luxuriant islands, so thick that one wonders how the ocean vessels are able to pick their way among them. Again through straits and into another sea and we reach Takashima, where the early Japanese pioneers ceased their wanderings along the shore and embarked on their voyage of discovery to the east.

The fishing-boats that flock around are filled with devil-fish, the octopus of story, and the fishermen who gaze at you in curiosity will occasionally turn to jerk the slimy arms loose from the sides of the boat over which they are trying to escape and, throwing the fish back to the bottom, will strike it a stunning blow with a club that serves to keep it still for a while.

Still further west the boat stops at Hiroshima, where the first Japanese invaders of the main island landed over 600 years B.C. and established themselves before they began their conquering march eastward. It was also the Japanese base of operations during the recent Chinese war. It is not generally known that the Japanese emperor himself spent the year of the war at Hiroshima, directing the operations of his army and navy.

Near here is the sacred island of Miya, with its temples built down to the water's edge. It is believed by the Japanese to be the most beautiful spot on earth and its sacred soil is protected by a law, coming down from the most ancient time, that no one shall be allowed either to be born or die on this holy place.

Rounding the point we pass Iwakuni with its ancient bridge of most primitive pattern and enter the last of the landlocked lakes that form the Inland Sea. This lake is famous as the scene of the greatest naval battle in Japanese history. Here the rival fleets of the Taira and Minamoto clans, consisting of 500 and 700 junks, respectively, met to settle the question of supremacy. The Taira fleet was wiped out and for months their armor-clad warriors were washed up on the surrounding shores and, to this day, their ghosts are said to haunt the waters in which their lives were lost. It was across this lake that the original Japanese emigrants sailed as they left the island of Kyushu, to the south, on which the work of blending Mongols and Malays into the progenitors of the Japanese of to-day had already been accomplished.

The Strait of Shimonoseki, through which we leave the Inland Sea and enter the Sea of Japan, has long been famous in Japanese history and is today one of the best fortified places in the world. It was there that the guns of the Occidental world were, for the first time, turned on Japan, which demonstration of the superior power of modern armament led to its adoption by the Japanese. And it was there, in a temple high on the hillside overlooking the straits, that Li Hung Chang signed the treaty that gave up China's historic suzerainty over Korea and ceded to Japan the great fortifications of Port Arthur, for the recovery of which, after they had been wrested from her by Russia, Japan has sacrificed so many lives.

It is strange that the seekers for rest and health, the lovers of beautiful scenery and summer skies, the admirers of the quaint and the picturesque, have not sought in greater numbers this old and mysterious country whose people, though small of stature, are strangely strong; where the mountains look like landscape gardens, where not only are the rivers, lakes and valleys small, but where even the seas themselves are diminutive. The land where

vegetable forms are odd and grotesque, where bamboos reach like pointing fingers to the sky and gnarled pines spread out their tops like umbrellas; where the trees and flowers of northern zones flourish in tropical luxuriance.

Were its beauties and delights known as they should be, all who could afford to would visit the Inland Sea. Sailing along its shore or idly drifting in house-boats, resting amid the fragrance of cherry blossoms and wistaria, they too would become lotus-eaters and forget the lands from which they came.—Four-Track News.

A Woman.

The great Love that was not for her Passed on, nor paused to see The wistful eyes, the hands' vague stir, The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of Crept closer bit by bit, Until for very lack of love She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part The greater from the less; She only strove to fill a heart That ached with emptiness.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Smart Set.

How to be Happy Though Married.

A NEW YORK business man called his son, who was about to be married, into his office when he was informed of the fact, and gave the groom-elect the following sage advice: "Study your life partner's interest as you would your own; make figures attractive to her, decoy her into looking over the books and take home your accounts, making her the victim of the subterfuge that it was for the sake of asking her advice upon how to curtail. Speculate when you want, too, but make her think that it was upon her suggestion that you risked large sums, and then if the crash does come you will be spared the music of that feminine ditty, 'I told you so.' Above all, make her enter into the spirit of what absorbs you daily, and your home will be an exception in the American metropolis where a man's business office becomes his paradise, shutting out the woman he has sworn to cherish and protect."

The old philosopher's wisdom was bounded by dollars and cents, and yet he struck the keynote of married happiness in the "community of interest" idea; in the suggestion of congeniality and mutual adaptability.

Fiction romances about the tragic cowboy luring the pretty school-marm into the lottery game, and although we are given to believe, judging from the tableau in the last chapter, that the lady was satisfied with the cross in lieu of the marriage certificate, and that she promptly forgot her smothering of the classics, we naturally discredit the ensuing felicity of the pair in the log cabin on a long winter's night.

The accomplishments that won admiration in the open would hardly illuminate the months and years ahead, and the idealistic centaur might be the innocent cause of some desperate act on the part of the wife whose mental activity had been stirred to life by the sight of a recent magazine.

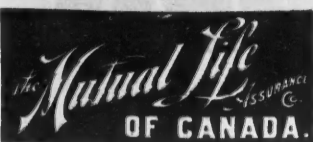
And, on the other hand, the restless cowboy might, very justly, resent in time the superiority of the instructor whose dictatorship had been resigned only during the period of the courting days. Romance wisely leaves us to solve the problem or else to accept the "happy ever after" version.

The gall of human experience has another way of winding up the tale and teaching the school-marm and the cowboy that other things are more necessary than the art of flinging a lariat or throwing a bronco.

The primitive woman has almost been effaced by modern education and culture, and, if she flares up in the pride of brawn and might and muscle, she soon dies down in the cool, critical analysis of the intellectual exponent.

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NOT the unexpected, but the expected, has happened in the case of the band of the Irish Guards. It was predicted in this department of SATURDAY NIGHT that they would win a triumph in a concert hall that would make their successes on the Exhibition grounds seem insignificant by comparison. And the prediction has been verified, for at their concert on Saturday evening last they created a veritable furore among an audience that taxed the seating capacity of the large auditorium of Massey Hall. Even the critics were delighted by the gain in sonority, crispness of accent, nuances of crescendo and decrescendo, which had been almost obliterated in the vast space of the Fair grounds or covered up by the multiplicity of noises made by the thousands of sightseers. Ignoring the flimsy "snippets" which the band gave as a concession to the taste of the masses, the programme included a selection that would have been worthy of the best efforts of a great symphony orchestra. The Tschakowski Italian Caprice, the Liszt overture Maximilian Robespierre, the overture to Tannhauser and the overture to William Tell composed a quartette of inspiring works that gave the band every opportunity of showing their best qualities of tone, execution and interpretation. And they stood the test with honors. With what agility the reeds played the difficult string passages of the Tannhauser, and the delicate rapid staccati of the William Tell, with what effulgence of tone and majestic volume the brass chanted the noble theme of the Pilgrims' Chorus in Wagner's overture only those who were present at the concert can realize. The cornet solos of Sergeant Hunt, so remarkable for sweetness of tone and beauty of phrasing, the solo work of the oboist in the Rossini overture, and the brilliant technique of the flute and piccolo throughout the evening, were the theme of universal comment. Mr. Hassell conducted the serious numbers with sound judgment and with a poetic freedom that did not degenerate into capricious license. Towards the close of the concert the audience, the bandmaster and the Mayor and the president of the Exhibition Association constituted themselves into a mutual admiration society. The Mayor complimented the band on their performance and the Exhibition directors on their enterprise in bringing the band over here; Mr. McNaught also complimented the band on their splendid playing and presented Mr. Hassell with a watch, chain and locket in testimony of the satisfaction of the Exhibition managers; Mr. Hassell in his turn complimented the citizens of Toronto on their loyalty, and above all, on their musical taste, and he added with some naïveté that the King would be delighted to hear that the band had been properly appreciated in Canada. And thus everybody was pleased and put in good humor, and the concert closed in the happiest manner possible. The band will give one more concert at the hall this Saturday (today).

John C. Fisher's company is giving this week a very satisfactory production of *San Toy*, all the more satisfactory because the prices for seats are moderate. One does not often hear a fairly enjoyable performance of comic opera except at advanced prices. The company, who are having large business, therefore deserve all the patronage they are getting.

The regular season of music at Massey Hall will be inaugurated on October 3, with the first appearance here of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. I may express the hope that lovers of music generally, and of orchestral music in its highest manifestation specially, will exert themselves to make the concert a success. It would be a reproach to Toronto as a musical city if the experience of the late Theodore Thomas when he first brought his orchestra to this city were repeated in the case of the Boston organization. It is a matter of history that the receipts of the Thomas orchestra *début* amounted to \$62 all told! If the Boston Symphony Orchestra receive a generous degree of patronage on their coming visit they will, no doubt, be a regular annual feature of our musical attractions. They are admitted to be one of the finest orchestras in the world; some critics think that technically they are first in the first rank. The Boston people have for years paid thousands and thousands of dollars for the maintenance of this orchestra; music lovers here will have the privilege of hearing them without any further demand on their purses than the price of their seats.

If success is any criterion of merit then the comic opera *The School Girl*, which comes to the Princess Theater next Monday, must be an excellent production. Both in London and New York the piece has played to exceptionally long runs. The music is by Leslie Stuart, the composer of *Florodora*, and should at least be rich in the popular element of tunefulness.

Miss Elizabeth Topping has returned to the city and has joined the staff of the Conservatory of Music. Miss Topping has been directing the musical department of the Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, where her work was highly appreciated. Speaking of a recital given by her, one of the Staunton critics said of her talents as pianist: "She has the rare gift of carrying the audience with her, either in the soft, dreamy passages of music or in strong

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chords of fire and passionate feeling. She has so mastered the technique of the piano that in listening to her one forgets the difficulties of execution."

Mr. Douglas Bertram will make his first public appearance in Toronto since his return from abroad in a piano recital to be held Thursday evening, October 12th, in the Conservatory Music Hall. He will give the entire programme, which includes numbers by Beethoven, Chopin and a few novelties, also a very noted transcription by Busoni of Bach's great C major organ Toccata.

In reference to my comment last week on the promised production of Wagner's *Valkyrie* this season by the Henry W. Savage Opera Company, Mr. Payne, the New York representative of the company, writes me that Wagner will not monopolize the efforts of the organization. Their repertory will include *Rigoletto*, *Aida*, *Faust* and *La Bohème*, in addition to the Wagner works, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*.

Dr. Ham informs me that the rehearsals of the National Chorus will commence on the 18th inst. The executive committee may be congratulated on having had the enterprise to engage the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch to assist the chorus at their next concert. The selection of accompanied numbers for the chorus will include Dr. C. H. Lloyd's setting of *Allan-a-Dale* from Sir Walter Scott's *Rokeby*; Sir Frederick Bridge's cantata *The Flag of England*, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, with libretto by Rudyard Kipling; and the *Song of Peace* by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The part songs will include numbers by Dr. W. G. Bennett, Pinsuti, and others. One may confidently look forward to having a rich feast of miscellaneous music at this concert, which it is intended to give in January. Dr. Ham is sanguine that the chorus will surpass its former efforts, as it is composed of excellent material and will be most thoroughly drilled.

Dr. Torrington announces that his programme this season for the Festival Chorus will consist of the two oratorios *Messiah* and *Redemption*. The public, he thinks, will never tire of hearing these two grand compositions.

The Sherlock Vocal Society are competing in the oratorio field and have arranged to produce *Samson*, so that there can be no ground of complaint that the supply of oratorio this season will be meagre.

The first rehearsal for the season of the Mendelssohn Choir took place on Tuesday evening last at the Conservatory Music Hall, with a very large attendance of the members. Great enthusiasm pervaded the meeting, and progress was made on some of the new music for the concerts of the society in February next. With the co-operation of the entire Pittsburgh Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paar, Mr. Vogt will make memorable the season of 1905-6 by the production of Beethoven's Ninth, or Choral, Symphony, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, the latter being a setting of part of Goethe's great poem. The membership of the chorus has been increased since last season, and in technical ability and tone color will undoubtedly show considerable advance. A concert in Buffalo in conjunction with the Pittsburgh Orchest-

tra has been arranged for the week following the Toronto concert.

Miss Ida H. Sutherland, A.T.C.M., soprano soloist during the past year at Queen street Methodist church, has accepted the position of vocal instructor in Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee. Miss Sutherland, who is a daughter of Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland of this city, expects to leave for the South on September 18th.

Mr. Henry S. Saunders has resumed teaching at his studio, No. 21 Harbord street.

Kritik der Kritik is the name of a periodical about to be issued in Breslau by the well-known publisher, S. Schottlaender. In it the authors will have their innings against the critics, while the editor will fire his arrows both at those who turn criticism into adulation, and those who write as if every concert, book or picture were a personal insult to the reviewer. An attempt will also be made to discourage the writing of criticisms late at night for next morning's paper.

Mr. John F. Runciman of London, himself a critic, wonders whether all critics are insane. He himself feels fagged out by the summer season, and wonders how his colleagues can attend provincial festivals to hear performances of *Elijah* and the *Messiah*. "The gentlemen," he declares, "who incessantly demand novelties from Mr. H. J. Wood at Queen's Hall, who idly hail Richard Strauss as a great composer simply because his music is uglier than ordinary cathedral organists' music, could not sleep at nights if they did not hear for the millionth time oratorios of which every one, save poor benighted provincials, has been tired for fifty years."

According to a writer in the *Etude*, the prices paid to music teachers in the Southern States vary from twenty-five and forty cents in the rural districts, as a minimum; to seventy-five cents, as a maximum; in the larger towns and cities, the price per lesson may reach \$2.50 or even \$3. The teaching season covers about eight months. Regarding music teaching in general, the editor of the *Etude* remarks that "that teacher who has an income averaging \$15 a week throughout the year is better off than the majority of school teachers. In Indiana, last year, out of the 16,000 school teachers of the State, 12,000 were paid less than \$500 a year."

At a recent sale in London of autograph letters and musical manuscripts, the highest price, \$120, was paid for the original of a dance piece written by Beethoven. Of the letters, one by Wagner fetched the biggest sum—\$30. A Rossini letter was bought for \$5, a Gounod for \$2, a Massenet for \$1.60, a Patti for \$1.

Miss Marie C. Strong, so well and favorably known as an artist in Toronto and Canadian musical circles generally, has been teaching privately in the city during the past year, and has met with so much encouragement in her work that she has decided to remain in Toronto permanently. Miss Strong has formed a class of exceptionally fine voices, and can be seen at her studio at Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge street.

Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, who so for-

tunately secured the privilege of studying under the famous tenor, Jean de Reszke, has returned to her home in Toronto after spending the summer in Paris. Miss Shepherd, previously to continuing her musical studies under the direction of Monsieur Jean de Reszke, spent a year in New York under Mr. Oscar Saenger. Altogether Miss Shepherd has had a very brilliant experience. She returns to Toronto with a broad musical knowledge obtained from the world's greatest vocal instructors.

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"Oh no, thanks. I've been nursing the cat till you could come."

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Never before has there been such harmony between art and millinery, and never before have our showrooms been so rich in picturesque shapes, and soft, beautiful colors. The large hat is here—to wear with the Directoire and Empire gowns, which are to be so popular this season among smart women. And here, too, are the small and medium hats for street costumes.

There are bewilderingly pretty, high crowns, dome and large-topped flat crowns—hats fetchingly tilted in surprising but tasteful curves, with sweeping plumes under and over the brim—plaques, crumpled in round folds with high bandeaux, or curled at the back in original effects—and jaunty Nattier shapes, high-backed and with a dainty dignity particularly their own.

Velvet, chenille, lace, silk, beaver, fur, foliage, flowers and felt are all combined in every up-to-date shape, and in shades that blend exquisitely. And feathers—feathers and yet again feathers; wings, birds, ospreys, plumes, of every description.

Fur hats and Turbans are a feature of our showrooms, early as it is. Particularly becoming are these hats charming in their softening effect. Trimmed with velvet, lace, flowers, pompons, etc.

But you will see for yourself this lovely display of smart and altogether artistic Millinery. We must, however, tell you about

This Picture Hat

A most graceful shape from M. Pouyenne, 4 Rue de la Paix, Paris. High Gainsborough crown. Broad brim, rolling at the left in a curve of great beauty (exactly as cut). The color-scheme is grey and pink, the upper part of the hat being grey panne velvet, with a fold of Dresden silk round the crown in white, pink and mauve, caught at the left side with a large jewelled buckle. The brim is lined with the Dresden silk in folds; and under the brim at the left three plumes, tinted in old rose and pink, curl out from a knot of large pink taffeta ribbon. Altogether this hat does credit to its Parisian maker. It's really a "creation"—a "dream" materialized.

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Does the Story of your Mirror Please You?

Do you see a clear skin free from imperfections, whether dark or fair, bright eyes, red lips, pretty eyebrows and luxuriant hair? Those are qualities the French say make beautiful women.

You May Be Beautiful

If you consult us and follow our advice. It may mean some time, trouble and expense; so does a handsome gown or beautiful painting, but would either give you the satisfaction you would derive from being able to say

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PRINCESS THEATRE WEEK SEPT. 18

POPULAR MATINEES ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

The Great ENGLISH Musical Success

THE SCHOOL GIRL.

With Miss CARRIE REYNOLDS, the beautiful Prima Donna, and a great cast. Just as presented 400 nights Prince of Wales Theatre, London, and 150 nights at Daly's, New York. The prettiest Comic Opera now before the public.

Chips.

Phipps—I advertised for a new organist and choir-leader for our church. **Fratt**—What luck? "Great! Only got one reply, but engaged the writer on the spot. Here's the application: 'Dear Sir,—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services.'"

Landlord—You paid no rent last month, sir; I suppose you are aware of that? **Tenant**—No. Well, I suppose you'll hold me to the agreement? **Landlord**—Agreement? What agreement? **Tenant**—Well, when I rented the flat you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

Chimney—Wot is de best way to teach a girl to swim? **Johnny**—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm gently 'round her waist and—
Chimney—Oh, cut it out! It's my sister!
Johnny—Oh! Push her off de bridge!

A Spokane woman was called home by her mother's illness. The mother died, and the daughter telegraphed her husband: "Mother dead. Shall we cremate, embalm, or bury the remains?" The husband answered: "Do all three. Take no chances."

A traveller passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood. "Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as

that in 19—?" "Oh, no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the Mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."

Parson Johnson—Ah wish de mudders ob dis congregation would bring dey babies to church wif dem. Nevah mind how young dey am, jess bring 'em erlong. If dey am too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey can, at least, yell an' keep de deacons awake!

A colored minister said to his flock the other day: "In dese days ob horseless carriages, skirtless girls and sinless sinners it would be better for de modesty ob dis yere congregation if dere were a few more chickenless chickencoops."

Harker—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before, and not after. **Wasper**—I know, but don't you think that the dog has his preference, too?

Charlemagne was in need of Amusements. "Why," they asked him, "do you have such a large number of court jesters in constant attendance on your Royal person?" "Because," he replied, with a right regal chuckle, "I could not earn the surname of 'The Great' were I not careful to keep my wits about me." It is said that the courtiers died laughing.

"I see Bilkins eloped with his cook!" "What did he do that for?" "No way out of it. She was the best cook they ever had, and she gave notice!"



1. Blizard Bill—Watch me give that Chink a playful jerk—



2.—What have I got—the stone giant?



3. Sam Lee—Velly golly—stump did it.

Facts in the Case.

Professor—What constitutes burglary?
Law Student—There must be a breaking in.

Professor—Then if a thief entered the open door of your room while you were asleep and extracted five dollars from your pocket you would not call it burglary, eh?

Law Student—Yes, sir; that would break me.—*Chicago News.*

At Shea's Next Week.

Manager Shea will give Shea theatergoers a good bill for next week which will be headed by the great prima donna Marguerita Sylva. This beautiful woman has always been an immense favorite in Toronto and the announcement that she is to be heard here will be a welcome one. Others on the bill are the Sisters Macarte, John Eberly, Dixon and Anger, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Truesdale, and the Five Mowatts.



MISS CARRIE REYNOLDS.

The beautiful Prima Donna in *The School Girl* at the Princess Theatre.



On Wednesday, September 6th, at the home of the bride's parents, the marriage took place of Miss Daisy Bryce, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bryce, 95 Woodlawn avenue, to Mr. Harry Gain of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. C. Hassock of the Deer Park Presbyterian church. The bride was dressed in white *crêpe de Chine* trimmed with Honiton lace and carried a bridal bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Jean Long of New York, wearing white *point d'esprit* with Maltese lace and carrying pink bridesmaids' roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Creighton of Toronto. The decorations were in pink and white, roses, hydrangeas, palms and ferns. Only the immediate relatives were present at the wedding, which took place at one o'clock in the afternoon, but after luncheon a reception, at which one hundred guests were present, was held and refreshments were served from a marquee on the lawn, music being furnished by an orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Gain left for a trip to New York and Atlantic City, the bride wearing navy blue cloth and a blue toque.

Miss Marie C. Strong has returned to the city after a pleasant holiday.

The pretty residence of Mr. E. P. Nash, Newton, Mass., was the scene of a quiet wedding on Tuesday last, when Miss Kathryn F. Harding of Boston was married to Mr. M. B. Scott, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward N. Noyes. The bride was attended by Miss Angie M. Kendrick of Brockton, Mass., as bridesmaid, and the groom's brother, Mr. C. W. Scott of Montreal, acted as best man. 'Mid showers of rice and good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on the evening train for the West and will return home by way of Toronto, where they will be the guests of the groom's sister, Mrs. L. F. Shields, Maitland street.

Mrs. Totten of Chicago and Mrs. Henry Wade of Toronto are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade of 424 McLeod street, Ottawa.

Mr. T. K. Wade, one of the officers of the Toronto Island Aquatic Association, is in Ottawa visiting his brother, Mr. Wade, accountant of the record department.

Mrs. Jack Harmer and her son of Winnipeg are visiting their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. S. Richard Fuller, 391 College street, until the end of the month.

Her many friends were glad to welcome Miss A. B. C. Jackson, an ex-college girl, on her flying visit through the city. Miss Jackson is on her way to Cleveland from a vacation at the coast.

Miss Anna Margaret Buchanan of Detroit is visiting the Misses Carsons of Bellevue avenue.

Mr. H. McKenzie Stanbury, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Henry Stanbury, Orde street, returned to St. John, N.B., on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Gash has gone to Boston to attend Miss Grace King's wedding.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald and her daughter, Miss Eldred Macdonald, have returned from Muskoka.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barron in Czar street on Thursday evening, September 7th, when their youngest daughter, Agnes, was united in matrimony to Fred R. Mallory, D.D.S., only son of Dr. and Mrs. Mallory, Beverley street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Gray, in the presence of a large number of guests. The house was most tastefully decorated, the color scheme being in green and white in the form of floral arches. The first of the bride's party to enter the drawing-room was a tiny wee tot in white satin, Master Gordon, as ring bearer. He was followed by the maid of honor, Miss Robins, Buffalo, in a gown of cream silk, veil, and carrying red roses. Then followed the bridesmaid, Miss Margaret Barron, a cousin of the bride's, who was sweetly pretty in a gown of cream silk over taffeta, veil, and also carrying red roses. As the orchestra played the wedding march the bride, tall, fair and stately, entered leaning on

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Gallagher and Barrett,

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In "Aunt Lonia's Advice."

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The Baron and His Friend.

John Eberly

The Phenomenal Baritone.

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Special Extra Attraction

Sisters Macarte,

In a Unique and Novel Specialty.

the arm of her father. She was a picture of daintiness in her gown of ivory tulle veil being held by orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of white roses. The groomsmen were Dr. E. W. Moles of Norwich, and Mr. McLaren of Stratford was bride's usher. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride's party formed and repaired to the library, where the register was signed, after which Dr. and Mrs. Mallory received the congratulations of their many friends. The wedding *déjeuner* was served immediately, and shortly after the young couple left on the 10.30 train for Quebec. Halifax and points east. The bride's going-away gown was navy blue with French touches of red, with which she wore a small hat in blue and red and a handsome fawn coat with Persian trimmings. On their return Dr. and Mrs. Mallory will reside in their new home in Spadina road.

A most charming musical and At Home was given last week by Mrs. W. F. W. Lent at her pleasant home in Elmvale. Mr. and Mrs. Lent received about forty guests; the spacious drawing-room proved an excellent concert salon. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and an excellent programme of classical and ballad music, comprising songs, duets and trios, was given by Mrs. Lent, Miss Maude Davidson of Penetanguishene, Miss Beatrice Smith of Toronto, Mr. Thomas W. Carlyle of Elmvale, and Mr. Rechab Tandy of Toronto. Dainty refreshments were served and the handsome gowns of the ladies, especially that of the hostess, as well as the delightful floral decorations, were greatly admired.

Mrs. Walter A. Cockburn and Mrs. George Gordon of Sturgeon Falls are the guests of Mrs. James Murray of Madison avenue. Mrs. and Miss Murray left on Wednesday for Penetanguishene to attend the marriage of the former's brother, Dr. Robert V. Parry of Hamilton, to Miss Jean Hall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Hall, which took place on Thursday, September 14th.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show rooms in

their office building in Adelaide street east, thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

Among the names registered in the United Arts and Crafts visitors' book during the last few days are Harry Coram, Drayton; Dr. Fred V. Hamilton, Allandale; Mrs. J. D. Thomas, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ernest Brown Smith, London; H. Telfer, Collingwood; William W. Churchill, Rochester; C. A. Lang, Granton; Fred S. Sharp, St. Mary's; Mrs. E. A. McNamara, Brooklyn, N.Y.; W. I. Smith, W. Ross, Ingersoll; Mrs. F. S. Goodwin, New York; Mrs. J. Norman Smith, Montreal; R. E. Cooper, Victoria, B.C.; Miss E. Bothwell, Santa Cruz, Cal.; C. J. Bryant, Joseph C. Halsby, London, England; L. E. Perrin, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. W. H. Wherry, Miss Hazel Wherry, Mrs. Burton F. Foster, Master Cannon Foster, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. M. P. Moreland, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. John Howard Kerr, Mrs. Hendrie Hamilton; Mrs. A. T. Waterous, Mrs. C. H. Waterous, Brantford; Dr. E. Sturge, Scranton, Pa.; Misses Abraham, New Orleans.

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We have just opened up and placed on sale a consignment of Oriental rugs, personally selected this summer by our own buyer.

The shipment includes a magnificent assortment of such famous makes as

Royal Herekel.
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Lists of sizes and prices will be promptly mailed to out-of-town customers on request

John Kay, Son & Co., Limited
36-38 King Street West.

Professional Housecleaning

Housecleaning is just as hard as carpentering or brick-laying. It isn't a woman's work. No husband who loves his wife would ever expect her to do the housecleaning; no mistress who is considerate of her maids would expect them to do it. Maids as a rule do not do the housecleaning, and when they are told to do it, they work over it superficially. It might as well not be done at all as to be only half done.

What is a Housekeeper to do?
She is to ring up the Toronto Window Cleaning Company. They send competent, fast-working men, to scrub, sweep, dust, polish, take up carpets, clean them, put them down and make the house look as neat as a new pin. They do it faster than women will do it, and they do it better than women can do it.

If you prefer you can have carpets, walls, rugs, curtains, etc., all cleaned without removing, by the Dustless Method (compressed air).

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In the wildest Ontario Highlands and only a few hours from Toronto. Investigation will prove that it is positively unequalled in attractiveness. Several choice cottages.

For large, illustrated prospectus write the manager, Bon Echo Inn, Bon Echo P.O., Frontenac Co., Ontario.

They Don't Punch 'Em Now.

There is a reason for all the colloquialisms used in the trades, the expressions being generally used, while the explanation of origin is usually known to only a few. Next to the word "scab," which is now well enough known to be put in a dictionary, the one probably most familiar to the public is the "printer's devil." Ninety per cent. of the printers do not know why he is so called. Aldus Manutius, the story goes, was a printer in Venice to the holy Church and the Doge, and employed a negro boy to help him in his office. The boy was believed to be an imp of Satan by superstitious people of Venice, and, in order to protect him from persecution, Manutius made a public exhibition of him and invited any who did not believe he was flesh and blood to come forward and pinch him. The people were satisfied, but the name, "the printer's devil," had come into too general use to be dropped; and to this day the young imps of Satan who go in a printing office to learn the trade are called printer's devils.

Jeffrey—How does your brother take married life? **Esther**—According to directions. His mother-in-law is living with him.

First Insurance Magnate—What is your favorite theatrical production?
Second Insurance Magnate—Other People's Money.

She—And do you really love me for myself alone? **He**—Sure. That's why I don't want your mother to live with us after we are married.

Mr. Snooks—To what, sir, do you attribute your success as a salesman?
Mr. Sellem—If a customer doesn't see what he wants I make him want what he sees.

Mrs. Browne—I wonder if the new order of things will reform Mr. Lushley to any extent. He's married, I understand. **Mrs. Malaprop**—Yes, he's a benedictine now.

One of the modern schemes of physical development that has won favor is a systematic method of breathing. A certain inquirer who was interested in the principles of this system recently wrote to one of its professors for a descriptive pamphlet. One of the rules on the first page read as follows: "After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire." He decided not to try the system.

Lady Gay's Column

Did you ever feel a country beckoning to you? Sometimes the beckoning finger has been icy-cold, and the moving of it slow, inevitable, deliberate, because it beckoned from grim regions of desolation and ice and mysterious unexplored reaches where anything might be, since no one knew what was. Sometimes the beckoning was flirtatious and "gestureful" (if one may coin a word), for it came from gay Páree and suggested a merry old time and night turned into day, and the clatter and laughter and bright badinage of the boulevard. Sometimes it was just like the two hands of friendship stretched out, and one answered with two hands, eagerly, happily, with a swelling of the heart; sometimes it was the tender palm turned up in a pink curving cup, the winsome wooing hand of the most appealing land of all, the sweet green isle of Erin, and one clasped it with a dimness of the eyes and a tightening of the throat that no one but Irish know. It may have been a shadowy hand, and one may have gone with strangeness and slow steps where it beckoned, not sure of joy or peace or comfort. For some time a strong hand has been beckoning to me, to a far, far country. Each month I am more conscious of it, more sure that some day I shall follow it, the patient, slow beckon of that lean brown finger to the teeming land of rajahs and elephants and temples and occultisms; that land where some day I expect I shall find an answer to a certain big question which waits to be considered. I was asking a person of deep thought to-day whether he had ever felt a country beckoning to him. "More than once," he said absently. "For instance, before the late war I had so strong an impression of that sort about Russia, that I went there for a few months. I am glad I went; I saw that people as no one will ever see them in the future. They will probably begin to get civilized now."

I struck by chance a little town that pleased me much in England this summer, quaint little Bedford, where was written within prison walls that wonderful story of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as you are all aware. The first hotel by the railway station, with its funny steps up and down, its trim appointments and its handsome silver-haired landlady; the neat streets, the cleanest you can imagine; the pretty little river alive with every imaginable craft afloat, spanned by old and modern bridges, fringed by pretty promenade or half-rustic park; the bronze statue of John Bunyan, with his book and pointing finger, his strong, serious face and prim garments—in fact, a spirit of primness pervades Bedford, pleasant as it is with its fine Harper Trust schools, famous throughout the kingdom, its traditions and curious customs elbowing its very up-to-date motor busses, in which you may whirl out to Elstow in the sweet English country and see the house Bunyan lived in, and back again ere you can realize you've done it; or its launches, wherein you may exult up and down the little river and have a horrified moment of suspense between life and explosion into fragments as you notice the engineer calmly pouring gasoline from a big tin into the reservoir, most startlingly near the danger point. I was in Bedford on Bank Holiday, but it was such a decorous and proper celebration that only my memory of 'Ampstead Eath and 'Arvy and 'Arriet in their glory made it different from any other sedate twenty-four hours.

Talking of the little visit to Bedford reminds me of a funny thing one may see, coming into London on that line. All sorts of advertisements, posters and placards disfigure the route, and here is what came of their indiscriminate disposal. A pious text had been posted on a bill-board with its reference below, and a famous brand of pickles had in turn taken the place of the text, leaving the reference uncovered and making the bill-board read as follows: "H—s Pickles. Thirteen different varieties"—John 8, 32. The unwise indulgence of John happened to strike one quick observer and a good laugh was inevitable at the curious sequence of the mixed-up display.

Did you ever buy Bedford rock, and isn't it a satisfying sort of sweet? And by the way, did you ever go hunting for Chelsea buns in Chelsea, and if so, did you find any? Billie and I spent a good hour popping in and out of tea-rooms, bakeries and grocery shops demanding Chelsea buns without avail. It became our sacred duty not to leave Chelsea without discovering this local celebrity, and finally when tea hour was far astern we spoiled our dinner by a grand gorge of the dainty, which we ran to earth in a certain quaint lunch-room about six o'clock. At Richmond one must find a shop which makes maids-of-honor, a startling industry, but resulting in cheesecakes of great richness and indigestibility, which are thus quaintly named. I think a cook-book of these peculiar local delicacies would be rather an interesting volume, providing the history and tradition of the edibles were given. Invent some rich, sugary and unwholesome bit of food, tack a legend to it, give it a local habitation and a name, and tourists will eat it or die! Perhaps "and die" would be the proper remark, if it resembled Richmond "maids-of-honor." Can anything, for instance, be more awful than Banbury cakes? Does Devonshire junket not seem rather a phastly sort of dessert? Did Coney Island red-hots give you a foreword of a tough little sausage wedged into a split roll? Did you ever try to eat clabber? and may the kind fates preserve me from a second taste of "sea wave," a weird sweet I ventured upon. I think somewhere in Manxland, Really, the only

NEW TRIUMPHS OF A NEW SEASON!

--The--

Heintzman & Co. Piano

Made by Ye Olde Ffme of Heintzman & Co.

Led, as was to be expected, in the magnificence of the display made at the Canadian National Exhibition that closed, so successfully, a week ago. In this fact it sounded the note of other victories that are to follow.

Watch the concert season, as it will soon open in Toronto and other leading cities.

Madame Calve, the great Prima Donna, who is to tour Canada this season, will use a Heintzman & Co. Piano exclusively on her entire trip.

Piano Salon 115-117 King Street West

local dainty I can remember which does not arouse memories later asleep is the good old Bath bun!

A woman has, I am told, written a letter protesting against the Midway shows lately in order at the Exhibition. It occurred to me one Saturday night that, having a stalwart person at my bidding, I'd like to see what the Midway might be like, not because I had heard it was objectionable, for the letter had not then been written, but just because I'd never seen it. Frankly, I never was more surprised and disgusted in my life. It was indescribable. Even the veriest stupid could make no mistake as to the character or lack of character of the majority of the shows. Messrs. the Directors, let us have a clean sweep, no more filth and immorality for the sake of a few dirty dollars!

LADY GAY.

Positive.

May—Are you sure her complexion is genuine?
Bess—Positive: I saw the written guarantee that comes with every box.

Foiled Again.

Villain—If I should kiss you I suppose you'd tell your mother.
Modern shepherdess—No; I should go tell my lawyer.

Husband—Look here, have you been taking any new out of the baby's money-box?
Wife—Yes, I had to, to pay a bill. **Husband**—Well, you had no business to. I was counting on that money myself!

Mr. Hogan was arrested for swatting a fellow-laborer with the back of a shovel while employed on a ditch. His counsel told him to plead "not guilty." To that person's surprise, when Mr. Hogan was arraigned and asked the usual question as to his plea, he answered: "Not guilty. I did it in self-defence."



Greta—Black Lynx military turban with black osprey. \$18.

Sybil—Fashionable turban of Chinchilla, with ostrich tips at side front. \$25.

Dorothy—Smart model of Persian Lamb with fluted tulle rosette, and black quill at side front. \$14.50.

WE desire to draw your attention to our extensive display of FUR AND FUR-TRIMMED HATS for the winter of 1905-1906. These hats are designed and trimmed by our own staff of milliners, and are made in all furs. To avoid delay, we urge the desirability of placing your order early.

Estimates given for hats of any fur desired.

Write for Illustrations.

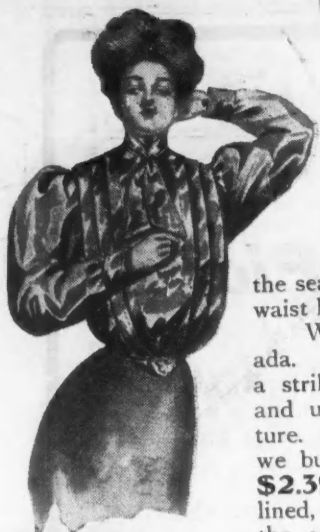
HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

5 King Street East - - Toronto.



Grandfather (enthusiastically)—Say, Willie, don't you want to go through a toy shop with me this afternoon and see all the pretty things?

Willie (indifferently)—I'm willing to, pop, if you will get any pleasure out of it.



2 Simpson Specials

THE Fall season is here and with it brought its inevitable needs for seasonable garments. We start the season with a splendid special for women's wear, namely, the waist herewith illustrated.

We have thousands of Mail-Order customers all over Canada. It's for their benefit that we are selling this Waist at such a strikingly low price. We make them in our own workrooms and use the greatest labor-saving machinery in their manufacture. This, combined with our paying cash for everything we buy, no matter how large the quantity, explains the price—**\$2.39**. It's made of high-grade quality black silk taffeta, unlined, with deep tucks on back and front, a very handsome tie of the same material, and trimmed with small covered buttons. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. When ordering **\$2.39** mention complete number C.D. 925. **Our Price**

A Great Skirt Bargain

A SPECIAL study on the manufacture of these skirts places us in the best position to solicit your trade. They are made in our own factory, designed by experts, cut by experts, and the machines used in their manufacture are also handled by expert mechanics, thus producing the highest class work at a minimum of cost. The mills supply us directly with materials, and in return for our cash we get the lowest quotations.

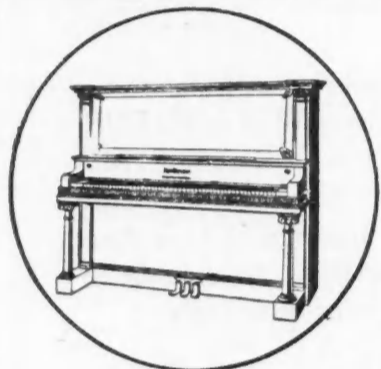
\$3.45 Do you See the Reasons **\$3.45**
Why?

They are made of black vicuna cloth of that fine supple quality, unlined, inverted seams over hips, stitched strapping of self and deep pleated gore seams. No matter what price you pay, no other skirt would become you better than this one at **\$3.45**.

We supply them in lengths from 38 to 42 inches and waistbands up to 28 inches. When ordering mention number Aa 841. Money back if not satisfied.

\$3.45 Write To-day. Don't Delay. **\$3.45**

THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto, Canada.



The Nordheimer Piano

A Great Name and a Great Piano

Head Office and Warerooms:
15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



A scene in the new English comic opera success *The School Girl*, which comes to the Princess Theater next week.

Tourists—Travelers.

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travelers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

Weaver—Poets, you know, are born, not made. Sisson—So it's not their fault, after all. I'll try to remember that in future.

Mr. Frank C. Smith, the well-known violinist, has resumed teaching at his studio at R. S. Williams Company, 143 Yonge street.

All the Comforts of a Summer Hotel.

"My dear Solomon," said the Queen of Sheba, "how in the world do you manage with so many wives?" "Very nicely, thank you," replied Solomon. "You see, there are enough of them to form every kind of a woman's club, and a new arrival every now and then keeps them constantly supplied with a fresh topic of conversation."

Quite Proper.

Her bosom friend—How brave you are, dear! The way you laughed and chatted with your husband at the tea this afternoon, nobody would suspect there was the slightest trouble between you.

She—Certainly not. Neither of us consider it good form to wear our divorce suits in public.

The oldest painting in Europe has just been discovered in Crete. It is on a sarcophagus, and is supposed to date back to 2500 B.C. It was recently unearthed by the Italian Archaeological Mission.

When the male cricket wishes to attract the female he raises his fore wings vertically above his head, and by rubbing them over one another produces a high-pitched singing, or perhaps better, shrilling. When the female's attention has been attracted she goes to the male and proceeds to take advantage of the refreshments offered. Upon the male's back, situated well forward on the thorax, is a little depression or well in which a small quantity of semi-fluid material is secreted. Climbing up on the male's back, the female eats this apparently delicious morsel with great eagerness; it is evidently something especially choice, which is formed there for her especial benefit. This proceeding suggests that treating as a means of winning a lady's love is not confined to the allurements of ice-cream and soda-water.

"She's much sought after in high society." "How's that?" "She's a servant girl."

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Gertrude Bartholomew, only daughter of Mr. T. C. Bartholomew, and Mr. Herbert Edwin Paull, accountant of the Molsons Bank, eldest son of Mr. Edwin Paull, of London, was celebrated on Wednesday, August 30th, in Trinity church, Norwich. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Rural Dean Ward, assisted by Rev. J. T. Wright. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the wedding march was played by Mrs. Ward as the bride entered with her father, in a gown of cream duchesse satin. The skirt and train were trimmed with ruchings of silk chiffon, pearl ornaments and sprays of orange blossoms, and the bodice with lace and bertha of pearl sequins. A long tulle veil was arranged becomingly with a small wreath of orange blossoms. The jewels were a beautiful pearl sunburst, the gift of the groom, and a diamond locket and chain, the gift of her aunt, Mrs. Wilson. The bouquet was of white roses and maidenhair. The maid of honor, Miss Ethel Wood, Toronto, was in white silk trimmed with chiffon, Honiton lace, green silk girdle, white tulle picture hat with feathers. The bridesmaids, Miss Louie Coker and Miss Mamie Sutherland, wore white silk grenadine with lace yokes, berthas, green silk girdles and white hats with tulle ties; all carrying sheaves of carnations and fern tied with green ribbon, and wearing handsome pearl pins, the gifts of the groom. The best man was Dr. Pigott of Butte, Montana; the ushers, Mr. Arthur Kemp, Toronto, and Dr. E. W. Moles, the groom's gifts to these being scarf pins. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The guests from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Paull and sons, Mrs. Wilson, London; Mr. and Mrs. Batman, Miss Batman, Miss Loscombe, Kincardine; Mr. Bell, ex-M.P., Mrs. Bell, Mr. Arthur Paull, Mr. George Wood, Toronto; Miss McMinn, Ottawa. Mrs. Bartholomew, mother of the bride, wore a handsome dress of fawn brocade satin with trimmings of rich lace and cut jet, and becoming toque of lilac; Mrs. Paull, mother of the groom, a gown of grey *crêpe de soie*, white hat with plumes; Mrs. Wilson, black silk damask, with dainty bonnet of tulle and forget-me-nots, necklace of moonstones; Mrs. Batman, rich black satin, with Brussels lace collar, bonnet of lilacs and pink roses; Miss Batman, sun-pleated skirt of white silk organdie, with panels of white satin, hand-painted in pink and mauve orchids, bodice of satin and lace with pearl necklace, toque of white lilacs; Mrs. Bell wore black brocade, feather boa and becoming black hat. The presents were numerous, some coming from the Old Land. A handsome clock was presented to the bride and groom by the congregation of Trinity church. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Paull left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, to the Adirondacks, the going-away dress being of navy blue broadcloth with white silk embroidered waist, and becoming tulle turban to correspond. They will reside at Norwich. Mr. Paull was a member of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto.

Mrs. C. A. McKenna, 11 D'Arcy street, and her sister, Mrs. J. Chambers, left last week for an extended trip to New York City and Philadelphia.

Miss Mary A. Smart has returned from Muskoka.

The Misses Bodley, Rose avenue, have returned after spending the summer touring England and the Continent.

Miss Lafavette of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. G. MacConochie, 1480 King street west, who will receive on the fourth Thursday in the month during the season.

Miss Vina A. Lackner of Berlin, and Dr. Frank Lackner of Didsbury, were guests of the City of Edmonton during the inaugural ceremonies September 1st, and also at the citizens' reception tendered Lord Grey, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Murray's Handsome Millinery.

A Brilliant Autumn Opening Held by This Firm on Wednesday Last. Rich Costumes, Cloaks and Suits Also on View.

Autumn's many rich tints were out-rivaled by the beautiful display of millinery made on Wednesday at the fall opening of W. A. Murray & Co., King street east. Here were shown the latest popular creations of New York and Paris, all selected with fastidious care and with a single eye to the wants of the thousands of customers of this company. A profusion of hats in grays in all tones, "beet root" red and "Alice" blues revealed to the public the direction in which the fashionable taste was tending in the way of colors. White hats will also be much worn and black will be popular with many. A lovely picture hat of "Alice" blue was shown, made of chenille and velvet, and trimmed with two pretty demi-plumes of pale blue. The plumes were caught at the back by a cut-stick buckle. For persons of a different taste a smaller urban effect was on view. This hat had a plain velvet crown, a blue feather, and a grissette of "Alice" blue.

A small pointed toque shown in "Alice" blue was trimmed with mink and a number of pale green roses. The "Kate Barry," a small outing hat which they have placed on sale, is having a great demand in New York. This hat is made like the old-fashioned sailor, with a high crown, and it is covered with velvet. A large silk bow caught with a steel buckle is at the side.

Much interest was evinced in the mantle department, where a new and much admired creation was the tasty carriage wrap, named the "Empire" cloak, which was elaborated by coaching capes with a full ripple, with black

"Russell"

That is the name of the most successful Canadian-made automobile yet introduced. By that we mean an automobile built of such quality and power as to withstand the rack of hard Canadian roads. The "Russell" was one of the features at the recent National Exhibition.

It develops from 12 to 15 Horse power—is comfortable to ride in—splendidly finished—holds five passengers—Price \$1,500—write for catalogue.

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Wonderful Opportunities for Investment. Healthy Climate. Excellent Transportation Facilities. Very Cheap Freight Rates.

Full information regarding the cultivation of Rubber, Sugar, Coffee, Chocolate, Vanilla, Sisal Fibre, Tobacco, Oranges, Limes, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Pineapples, Cocoanuts, Rice, Corn, Cattle Raising, Dairying. Also Lands, Lumber, Water-powers, Furniture and Carriage Factories, Pulp and Paper Mills.

The Chimalapa Land Company propose issuing a free monthly bulletin on the tropics of Mexico and its resources.

Send address 88 to 90 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

velvet strappings, altogether making it a striking garment.

The fashions of Paris are now calling for ripple capes on long cloaks. Though these are designed for the winter, their shades are reminiscent of summer, and are mainly in pastels, champagnes and bisque.

In tight-fitting suits the long coat is quite fashionable. The fashions this season are characterized by rich plum, heliotrope, and soft green shades, and broadcloths. Velvets are also much desired by the high-class trade, and they are shown in plum, grenat, and rich, dark green shades.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

ASHENHURST—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. A. Ashenhurst, a son.
BALL—Toronto, September 7, Mrs. W. H. Ball, a son.
FRANCIS—Toronto, September 11, Mrs. B. B. O. Francis, a son.
KINSMAN—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. W. D. Kinman, a daughter.
PACK—Toronto, September 11, Mrs. Robert S. Pack, a son.
PEARSON—Toronto, September 9, Mrs. J. A. Pearson, a daughter.
PLEWMAN—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. A. E. Plewman, a daughter.
SPENCE—Toronto, September 12, Mrs. James H. Spence, a son.
WILGAR—Toronto, September 10, Mrs. J. C. Wilgar, a daughter.
WILLIAMS—Toronto, September 4, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., a daughter.

Marriages

HORTON—BALL—At St. George's church, Goderich, on Thursday, September 7th, by the Rev. Mark Turnbull, rector, Emily Kathleen, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ball, to William Lancaster Horton, eldest son of the late Horace Horton, ex-M.P. Center Huron.
ALLEN—WRIGHT—Toronto, September 9, Elizabeth Wright to William Nichols Allen.
BALL—STUMP—Toronto, September 12, Florence Stump to William A. Ball.
CAMPBELL—MORRISON—Toronto, September 11, Carolena Morrison to Walter F. Campbell.
FARR—McDONALD—Toronto, September 9, Kathleen Lillian McDonald to Charles Yetman Farr.
FINNEY—KION—Toronto, September 6, Frances E. Kion to William T. Finney.

GAIN—BRYCE—Toronto, September 6, Daisy Bryce to Harry Gain.
GREEN—DODDINGTON—Toronto, September 11, Ethel Doddington to Arthur Green.
LAFRANCE—FINN—Toronto, September

1, Adelaide F. Finn to John A. Lafrance.
MALLORY—BARRON—Toronto, September 7, Agnes Barron to Fred R. Mallory, D. D. S.
MELHUISE—CRESWELL—Toronto, September 11, Marion Maud Creswell to Archibald Edgar Melhuish.
PRETTY—BROOMER—Toronto, September 12, Lotta C. Broomer to S. Byron Pretty.
REID—LIDDELL—Toronto, September 7, Marguerite Turner Liddell to Alexander J. Reid.
THOMAS—REYNOLDS—Toronto, September 12, Elizabeth Ann Reynolds to Robert Nelson Thomas.
WEDDELL—ALEXANDER—Toronto, September 13, May Agnes Alexander to Alexander Weddell.

Deaths

BRODIE—Toronto, Ida A. Brodie, aged 37 years.
COX—Toronto, Fred A. Cox, aged 28 years.
CRAWFORD—Norwood, September 11, Robert Edgar Crawford, aged 37 years.
DICK—Dublin, Ireland, August 31, Mrs. David B. Dick.
FROGLEY—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. Charles T. Frogley.
HAMILTON—Toronto, September 13, Margaret Hamilton.
McMASTER—Toronto, September 12, William McMaster, Jr., aged 70 years.
MITCHELL—Toronto, September 13, Charles Alexander Mitchell.
SHACKLETON—Toronto, September 13, Levi Shackleton, aged 31 years.
SMALPICE—Toronto, September 7, Mrs. Henry William Smalpeace, aged 84 years.
SUTCLIFFE—Toronto, September 9, Joseph Sutcliffe, aged 77 years.
TURNBULL—Toronto, September 13, Mrs. (Rev.) Turnbull.

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